WEEK ENDING JAN. 3 1925

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Calendar 1925

JANUARY

A January Spring
Is worth Naething.

GARNET

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

FEBRUARY

If February give much snow,
A fine summer it doth foreshow.

AMETHYST

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

MARCH

A windy March and a showery April
make a beautiful May.

BLOODSTONE

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

APRIL

A cold April,
The barn will fill.

DIAMOND

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

MAY

Blossoms in May
Are not good, some say.

EMERALD

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24/31	25	26	27	28	29	30

JUNE

When it is hottest in June, it will be coldest in the corresponding days of the next February.

PEARL

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30				

JULY

If the first of July be rainy weather,
It will rain more or less for four weeks together

RUBY

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	

AUGUST

If the first week in August is unusually warm,
the winter will be white and long.

MOONSTONE

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23/30	24/31	25	26	27	28	29

SEPTEMBER

Rain in September is good for the farmer,
but poison to the vine-growers.

SAPPHIRE

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

OCTOBER

If October bring much frost and wind,
then are January and February mild.

OPAL

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

NOVEMBER

If there is ice in November that will bear a duck,
There'll be nothing after but sludge and muck.

TOPAZ

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

DECEMBER

A green Christmas,
a full graveyard.

TURQUOISE

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

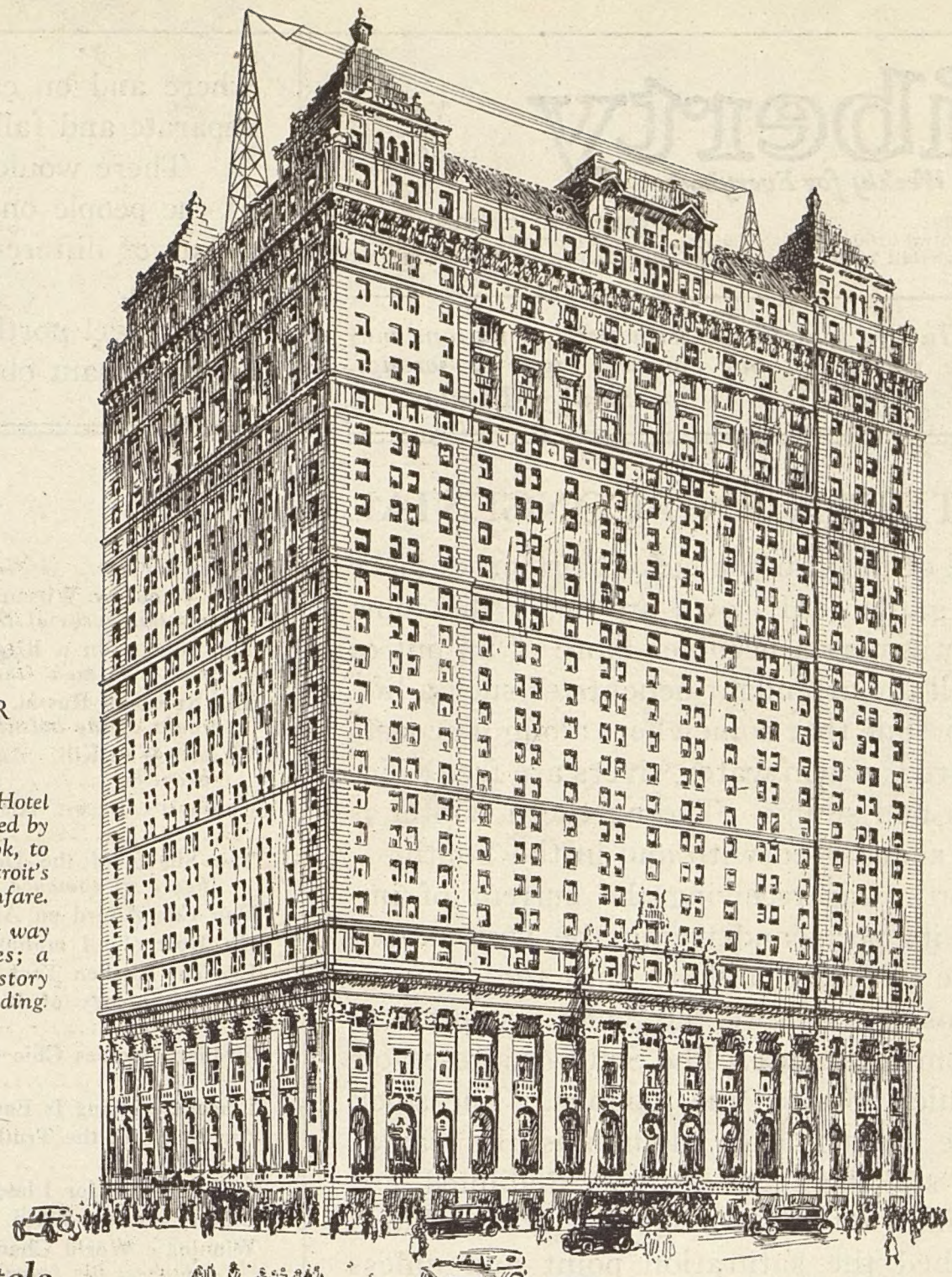
W.O.V.

Busy Man!

Take a moment now and then to pause and refresh yourself

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

DRINK COCA-COLA — DELICIOUS AND REFRESHING 5¢



KEYSTONE
OF A MIGHTIER
DETROIT

The palatial 29-story Book-Cadillac Hotel is the forerunner of a civic plan fostered by J. Burgess, Frank and Herbert Book, to re-create Washington Boulevard, Detroit's widest and finest business thoroughfare.

Other units already erected or under way include two 20-story office structures; a 32-story club building, and a 40-story tower addition to the present Book Building.

Newest of the World's Luxurious Hotels

The Book-Cadillac Detroit

FINEST IN APPOINTMENTS AND SERVICE—NO HIGHER IN PRICE

ATTENTION
RADIO FANS!

Tune in Tonight on WCX Broadcasting from Roof of the BOOK-CADILLAC

One of the loftiest radio stations in the world — Station WCX, Detroit Free Press—now broadcasts from the roof of the Book-Cadillac Hotel.

Four hundred feet above street level, Station WCX sends its powerful wave lengths from coast to coast.

Tune in tonight. Hear world-famous orchestras, playing in the cafes and public rooms of the Book-Cadillac, Detroit.

YOU will find at the new Book-Cadillac Hotel in Detroit every luxury and convenience that the finest of European or American hotels provide.

But you will discover also, a managerial policy that gives thoughtful consideration to individual requirements.

All guest chambers of Detroit's tallest hotel structure, are located on floors seven to twenty-nine. Every room has full outside exposure. Express elevators give rapid access to all upper floors.

At the ends of corridors, single rooms may be arranged en suite, with separate drawing room and entrance. This affords the luxury of an exclusive apartment, and ensures unusual comfort and privacy.

For the convenience of motorists touring with personal servants, chauffeurs' and maids' bedrooms are situated within easy reach.

Dining at the Book-Cadillac will prove a source of both pleasure and variety. The gorgeous Venetian restaurant on the lounge floor gives a gay setting to the formal dinner party.

On the mezzanine is the English grille, with its air of a well ordered club. Charcoal and electric grills in this room are flanked by refrigerated display cases from which special foods may be selected.

Leading from the lounge is a commodious cafe where an excellent dance floor and orchestra provides entertainment for lighter moments.

For the hurried breakfast or luncheon, a coffee shop served by the hotel kitchens is located on the ground floor level.

The Book-Cadillac Hotel at Washington Boulevard and Michigan Avenue is most accessible to all important rail and steamer terminals of Detroit.

Special sample accommodations; private dining rooms; circulating ice water; eighteen shops and broker's office in building

BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL COMPANY · DETROIT

ROY CARRUTHERS, *President*
R. J. TOMPKINS, *Resident Manager*

JAN. 3, 1925

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

TRULY SOUTHERN AND CONGENIAL

About this time of the year the lucky Northerner looks south for a winter garden. His own are under the snow drifts. Every year America becomes more of an out of door nation, with all the attendant benefits of such a life, and it is its great fortune that somewhere along its coasts at every season there is warm water, rivers are free of ice and fields are open and sunny. The northern winter is making the North acquainted with and in the South.

While the North was receiving the current of immigration through its ports and trying the vast experiment of taking the alien by millions into the common language, institutions, and culture, the South was preserving the old breed from admixture. The South is a reservoir of the old stock which founded the republic. The stock of the tidewater, the piedmont, the mountains, the plantations and valleys is still there and virtually undiluted.

The North found that in the receiving of new blood it had about reached the saturation point and unless there was to be a perceptible or possibly a fundamental change in kind it must stop, and the nation did stop. In this respect it has the South as an untouched social stream. The solid South will do something for the solid American nation.

Our first development was along parallels of latitude. Now we are shifting by parallels of longitude. A man up by the lakes or the northern seaboard packs his golf sticks or his pole and tackle and goes to Florida or the gulf ports. When the out of doors freezes up about him he goes where it is open. He exchanges the snow-filled fir for the palm.

It is a national good fortune that a great nation should contain such a range of climate and opportunities all within its continental boundaries and offer such diversity under its own flag. The growing attraction of the South is set forth in the rapid development of its beauty spots.

Road building is being carried ahead and the modern gipsy with his car can take the mountain trails of the South in the spring when the dogwood and flame azaleas, the rhododendron and laurel are in bloom, and penetrate into a land of the sky where the American highlanders live.

The travel by north and south lines will tighten the national net which holds the States together. Communication is what makes the national life possible. If it were only east and west there would be a dividing line somewhere and on each side of it the tendency would be to separate and fall apart.

There would be an alienation which would send part of the people one way and part another, with developing points of difference instead of the trend toward unity and cohesion.

Travel north and south is good and there are a thousand pleasant objectives at the southern end.

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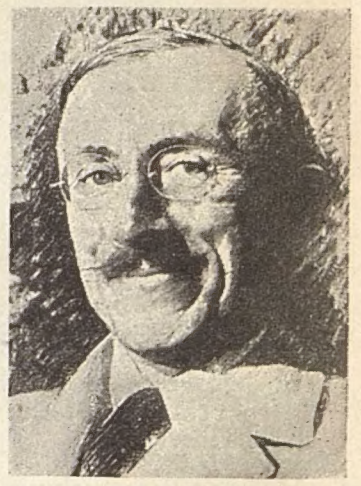
Cover Design—A Calendar for 1925

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

A Man with a New Face!

FIRE and smallpox had made the old one hideous. Children ran when they saw him. He hadn't spoken to a white woman in ten years. Then a surgeon worked a miracle, and strange things happened. They accused him of murdering the man who was himself! *Two Faces,* by *Harold MacGrath,* tells the story. It is a bizarre and colorful tale of adventure in the South Seas, done in MacGrath's best vein.



HAROLD MacGRATH

If you are lucky enough to be poor, you will enjoy the brilliant, unusual article *Dr. Frank Crane* has written for Liberty readers on *The Privileges of Poverty.*

In next week's issue, also, there will be the beginning of a new and lively serial, *White Pants Willie,* by *Elmer Davis* and, of course, another installment of *Mary Allen Hulbert's* fascinating reminiscences, *The Woodrow Wilson I Knew.*

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At the Quarter

Pictures by
JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

The audience thought the show was over.

By GEORGE ADE

A Street-Corner Survey of the Most Convulsive Twenty-Five Years in History

SOME of you remember the discussion which raged when the world was on the threshold of the year 1900. The question before the house was, "Does the Twentieth Century begin January 1, 1900, or January 1, 1901?"

No matter which side won, all who are beginning to ripen will recall that we got the thrill and the kick and the sensation of passing under a triumphal arch when we marched out of New Year's Eve, 1899, into the year 1900. We had a right to use the double 0 for the first time in a hundred years. The class yell of that year was "Naughty-naught!" The Victorian era was in the past tense.

Only a few turns of the short hand on the dial and we are now facing another portentous signboard—1925! The books have not been balanced formally, but we know New Year's Day starts the quarter. If we will pause on the brow of the hill and look back at the winding roadway between us and that misty and remote region of personal liberty and infant damnation known as the Nineteenth Century, we will realize that we have done a lot of traveling even if we have covered only a few miles.

A century ago Mr. Beaver Hat told Miss Poke Bonnet that he would take her by the hand and lead her to the final wonders of the world. They would begin their wedding tour on a canal boat, transferring to a steamboat at Albany, and in New York City they would see the gas lights.

The old-timer who was passing out thirty years ago said he was ready to go. He had seen the grand review of troops in Washington in 1865, the Centennial at Philadelphia in 1876, and the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. He had used a telephone, listened to a talking machine, switched on the electric lights, and admired the glowing splendor of a baseburner. So he hurried on to tell the angels all about it, serenely ignorant of the fact that Roosevelt, the racing runabout, and the radio were waiting at the next corner.

There are two reasons why we should approach 1925 with an humbleness of spirit. The records prove that every proud mortal who thought he had arrived on the planet just in time for the big show didn't know and couldn't be convinced that he was merely attending the prologue, and that the spectacular effects and the dramatic climaxes were being held in reserve.

ONE of the delightful and compensating hallucinations of our race is that every generation which succeeds in mounting a foothill thinks it has arrived at the summit.

After what our folks have been through in the last twenty-five years we are convinced that the next quarter century will have to be a dull period of relaxation, resting up, and paying taxes. We think we can get our latitude and longitude, even in the fog. Well, if we know what is coming we will be the first set of prophets that ever made good.

Don't forget that in 1900 every expert was trying to add up the Nineteenth Century. We know now that the figures were twisted and misleading. Forecasters were busy. Not one of them guessed right.

Our most learned college presidents and most eloquent platform soothsayers were announcing that there never could be another great war, so it was foolish to spend on coast defense guns the money which might be expended for Bedford stone postoffice buildings in yellow pine settlements.

We curled up to snooze in a garden of contentment and awoke in a slaughter house.

Those who sat up latest at night and studied the hardest and peered into the future until their eyes ached never caught a glimpse of Hindenburg, Foch, Verdun, the Wright Broth-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

GEORGE ADE says Mother Shipton would have been put in a padded cell if she had predicted all that has come to pass in the first quarter of the Twentieth Century. Back in the days of witches, Mother Shipton did a good business in prophecies. She made kings happy (?) by predicting the dates of their executions. The most famous poem credited to Mother Shipton created a great stir in 1881 when everyone put on his Sunday manners in expectation of the end of the world. As a matter of fact it has since been discovered that this prophecy, which is printed below, was written by a Charles Hindley about 1862.

The So-Called Mother Shipton's Prophecy

Carriages without horses shall go
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the earth thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
The world upside down shall be,
And gold be found at the root of a tree.
Through hills men shall ride
And no horse be at his side.
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen
In white, in black, in green.
Iron in the water shall float
As easily as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found and shown
In a land that's not known.
Fire and water shall wonders do,
England shall at last admit a foe.
The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE]

ers, Volstead, or Henry Ford. Observers watching the European chessboard predicted that Germany and Russia were about to gobble up the eastern hemisphere. And now both of them are in the bread line.

If some intrepid Mother Shipton had prophesied in 1900 that before 1925 the Kaiser would be sawing wood in Holland, that a glass of beer would cost three million marks, that an army officer could travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific between dawn and dark without touching the ground, and that a Nebraska tenant farmer, by hanging a wire out of a window, could listen to a concert on top of a department store in Newark, New Jersey, the aforesaid horoscoper would have been taken away to a padded cell.

SUPPOSE another case. Suppose that the typical American snow-white, who believed in 1900 that the world was to be made clean and beautiful by legislation, had been told that before 1925 the direct primary would be in effect, the women would be voting, that all who played tag with the fifth commandment would be almost within smelling distance of the electric chair, and that a constitutional amendment would forbid the manufacture and sale of any drinkable stronger than sarsaparilla.

Don't you know that the human vacuum cleaner would have spoken up and said:

"Give us all of those glorious reformatory measures and in 1925 this portion of the planet will be Paradise Regained. Poverty will be a thing of the past and crime will disappear, as if by magic. Our young people will be removed from all brands of temptation and the grown-ups will look as if they had just come out of the wash. Our whole population will be out in the sunlight to rally around the white flag of purity, shouting the battle cry of the millennium."

That's what the good people had in mind when they abolished the secret caucus and gave women the ballot and snuffed out the red lights and closed up the bars. If the guaranteed remedies haven't effected all of the expected cures and if original sin is still doing business at the same old stands, may we not conclude, after sizing up this eventful quarter of a century, that the *genus homo* is a tough nut who simply cannot grow a pair of wings within the short space of twenty-five years?

What's more, who can say just now whether we have gone forward, backward, or sideways?

We have blurred all the landscapes with the blue smoke of motor cars. Our planes have chased the chicken hawks out of the sky. The side-track settlement, passed up in 1900 by dog and pony shows, now has a theater showing million dollar productions. The front is a-twinkle with lights and a manager with furrowed brow counts up the house, *à la Broadway*.

Our national debt makes the mortgage of 1900 look like a pinch of small change, but we are just as care-free over that item as if we were all paid up, because while we are suffering from a headache all the other nations in the world are enjoying dislocated spines.

WHAT an upset we have given to traditions and precedents and settled habits! Who could have guessed that the time would come when the farm hands would sit around and talk knowingly and with profane sarcasm of European cities which they had given the cold once-over?

Or that the simple village maidens could be bobbed, rouged, calcimined, and lip-sticked into startling duplications of the Delilahs who watch the man-traps in the big cities? Who would have believed that nothing but whitened skeletons would remain where prosperous corset factories had stood?

Or who could have dreamed, even in a typhoid delirium, that we would stumble upon a devil's device called the radio—the most uncanny, unbelievable, unexplainable of all modern miracles? It will do more to standardize our whole population into a myriad of wise crackers than all the other patents put together.

We have had so many thrills since 1900 that politics and Chautauquas and square dances and the red-wigged monarch of comic opera no longer excite the crowds. Give the boys and girls jazz, hot from the griddle, or else pack your tent.

If you count up the hundreds of prohibitive and restrictive laws which have been passed by Congress and jelly-headed State legislators since 1900, you will incline to the belief that we have been so handcuffed and shackled by our loving neighbors that it is practically impossible for any son of Belial to get out and hit it up and indulge in the sinful pastimes which we inherited directly from all members of the family now dead.

On the other hand, if you are reading editorials and listening to sermons these days you will find out that the laws which were intended to keep us undefiled all day and then put us to bed at 9 P. M. are being defied, that immorality has simply put on new and tempting disguises, that sin, crushed to earth, has risen again, laughing gleefully, and the generation is going to the bow-wows in syncopated time with a flask on the hip.

Of course we are too near ourselves to see how we look in a group photograph, but it is usually possible to find the truth about half way between two extreme statements. Maybe the historians of the future will say that the effort to make popular diversions unpopular by legislative enactment was not immediately successful. That is a very loose statement of the facts in the case but it is a good deal more accurate than most of the statements now being blah-blahed.

Anyhow, we live in better houses, regulate our eating more scientifically, use sleeping porches, have more shower baths, and wear more sensible garments than we did in 1900. We have learned a lot about taking care of babies, but we are not quite so enthusiastic about having them come along once a year. Going to the hospital certainly does break in on one's bridge.

WE have gone commendably daft on athletics and outdoor life. The average high school has an array of track performers, basketballers, footballers, and baseballers which would have been a credit to Yale fifty years ago. The young people, as mere animal specimens, are much more rugged and pulsating than the juveniles of the Nineties.

Golf has spread like a prairie fire. With the multiplication of country clubs, the development of the motor car from a wobbly experiment to a whizzing Juggernaut, and a natural reaction against drowsy indoor recreations, there has come that vast exodus from city streets to country places.

As the host has moved out to the groves and hills it has encountered another host moving into the city. This army tramping toward the bright lights has come from the small towns and farms and is made up largely of young people who figure that they will be on earth only once and they might as well see something while they are here.

There have been many suggestions as to how we shall convince the farmhand that he is better off in the country on thirty-five dol-

If some intrepid Mother Shipton had prophesied in 1900——

lars a month than he will be in the city on thirty-five dollars a week. The plans for keeping the boys on the farm seem to carry weight with nearly everyone except the boys themselves.

There has been a lot of worry because the population has waned in the agricultural districts. Well, those who remain out in the country and divide up the money from the grain and live stock have not been collecting important dividends lately. The fewer who are in on the split the larger the shares. We are growing what we need. The greater the city population the higher the prices for what the farmer raises. He is now growing more bushels per acre, using a large number of gas-driven machines and less hired help. The farmer shows no signs of becoming extinct.

Speaking of tractors and such, this has been a hard twenty-five years on the horse. He has been driven from Fifth Avenue and Main Street and is now a side attraction at county fairs. But the cow is still on the job, her splendor undimmed.

Our courts of law in the cities are more impartial and independent than they were in 1900. The tantalizing delays of the law are still with us. There is less belligerent litigation. Out in the small towns and the country districts the enforcement of law against minor offenders is still intrusted to justices and constables who are both stupid and venal. They must arrest and convict people in order to collect their revenues.

The whole system is a shameful travesty. Before long the ablest and squarest citizen in every community will be the presiding magistrate of the lower court and the grafting constable will be out of a job.

We are only about half way out of barbarism in our treatment of offenders against the law. In many backward communities the idea still seems to be that cruel vengeance must be visited upon all the poor victims of heredity and environment.

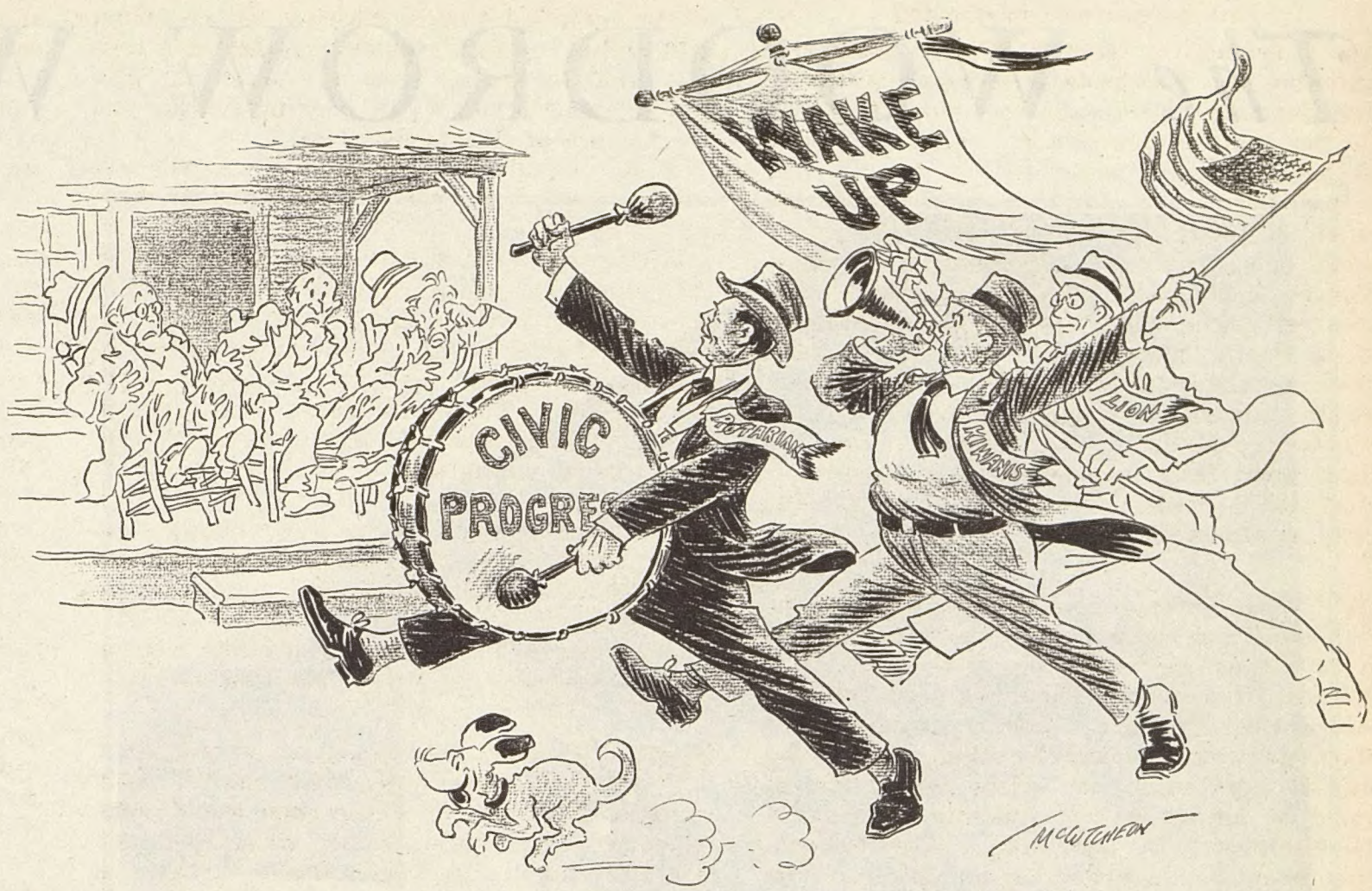
THE young man who has gone wrong is to be taught a lesson by the use of handcuffs and dungeons. Before long society will protect itself effectively without torturing every unfortunate who is predestined to criminal lapses by his brain structures and bringing-up.

The legal profession has moved upward a few miles since 1900, but the medical profession has traveled leagues. Physicians and surgeons have learned more about cure and prevention in the last twenty-five years than all of the Sawbones tribe knew during the preceding five thousand years.

Malaria, yellow fever, and most of the other so-called incurable ailments, including those which formerly were not mentioned in polite society, have been knocked helpless, while the surgeons have proved that they can take almost anything out and then put it back again.

While the doctors have been piling up their discoveries the laymen have been preaching Christian Science and Coué. Here is a grand chance to get into an argument. Let us compromise by saying that the doctors are absolutely right in standing up for the established facts of medicine and surgery. But anyone on the side lines who has kept his eyes open during the last quarter century cannot deny that the mind cure has made good in the open.

Our physical welfare, efficiency, and general usefulness are largely controlled by the state of our emotions and the character of our mental



Their work has to be snappy, for they are engaged in raising the dead.

operations, and both of these are self-controlled. In the future the acceptance of the supremacy of mind over matter will be marked up as one of the outstanding phenomena of the first quarter of the Twentieth Century.

ANOTHER stupendous fact to be recorded is that we have unified our population and rescued it from seclusion and loneliness by building good roads everywhere. In 1900 the first-class pikes and highways made only a thin network along the Atlantic seaboard. Now the mud road is a curiosity. The straightaway hard highways have linked all the outer townships with the market centers and cut in on the business of the railways. We have had the first real campaign of sensible roadbuilding since the Romans laid out direct routes to all the provinces, nearly two thousand years ago.

Only twenty-five years ago the college student was allowed to put on airs as an intellectual aristocrat. Now the undergraduate is just the usual young man or woman whose parents hope that everything will turn out for the best.

All of our business methods, the ethics of salesmanship, the cunning arts of publicity, the tricks of making merchandise attractive to the eye and the understanding—these have been developed to the limit. Organization and cooperation have been hailed with enthusiasm even in the small towns. The village which didn't have a pump twenty-five years ago now has a chamber of commerce. The battle cry used to be "Every man for himself!" Now the slogan is "Brothers all!"

There seems to be a disposition just now among soft-collared highbrows to scoff at all the Babbitts and boosters, the Rotarians, Kiwanises, and others who wear badges and attend luncheons.

Lay off of the boys! Their work has to be snappy, for they are engaged in raising the dead. They are the hard-breathing hustlers who put up community buildings and open beautiful parks and clean up neglected streets and organize symphony orchestras. Every one of them is a soldier in a good cause, working for the material prosperity and the outward splendor of his own town.

He is a new type, developed in this quarter century. It is all right for the novelists to make fun of him, but for goodness sake, don't head him off or slow him down. Feed him a new slogan every day and let him go to it.

What is it all about, anyway? We are wiser and more important than we were in 1900, but have we any more pride in ourselves or do we stand any better with the neighbors?

They say that fewer of us are going to church. Are we backsliders or have we learned that most sermons are preached by theologians who have nothing much to communicate? We dare not use the cocktail shaker but we may dance, play cards, and even go to the theater without losing our membership cards. Even the Methodists have discovered that the sins of 1900 have become the amiable pastimes of 1925. This, in spite of the fact that the *revue* costume is now one-half of one per cent and the dialogue in a realistic drama would be a liberal education to a mule driver.

There are more petting parties and fewer hurry-up marriages.

IN 1900 a perfect lady was not supposed to smoke, use cuss words, or show her ankles. The bathing suits at Asbury Park left everything to the imagination. The piano still had limbs. Now the débutantes parade the beach in costumes which horrify all persons above the age of fifty and are regarded by all others as entirely proper for a girl who is not deformed.

The populace seems to have a contempt for the law but an added respect for the unwritten laws of courtesy, tolerance, and forbearance.

We are still oversupplied, in spots, with dark-minded people who are narrow between the eyes and who feel it their duty to visit pain and humiliation upon all those who do not fully agree with them in everything. They are the largest liability at present but they will all be dead or civilized by 1950.

In spite of all the holdovers from the Dark Ages this is a larger, more interesting, more sophisticated and more complicated three-ring circus than it was twenty-five years ago.

THE END

The WOODROW WILSON

Laughing and chatting, this group of guests at the Hulbert home, Shoreby, in Bermuda, is watching the antics of the Hulbert terrier. Seated in the wicker chair is the familiar figure of Mark Twain; behind him, in the white dress, Mrs. Hulbert, and standing against the pillar of the porch Woodrow Wilson.

The True Story of the Mysterious "Mrs. Peck's" Long Friendship with the War President, for Years the Target of Innuendoes and Malicious Gossip, as Written by Herself to Silence the Whispering Tongues

THIS is the third installment of a series of articles written by a woman who enjoyed the late President's friendship and confidence to a peculiar degree during the greater part of Mr. Wilson's public life. In the preceding articles Mrs. Hulbert narrated the manner in which she became acquainted with Mr. Wilson and gave glimpses of his wonderful personality and mind which were concealed from the public by his apparent aloofness; also of the price she has had to pay for the friendship she reveres, and how she had been offered, but in vain, a fortune for the correspondence which passed between her and Mr. Wilson.

THUS the man I met in Bermuda, with whom I walked the lovely coral strand and strolled side by side through endless oleanders. This, then, was he who was given to reading aloud from the Oxford Book, much, upon one occasion, to the dismay of a lady who, passing where we sat, heard his voice, but did not see that he was reading and not speaking in extemporaneous fervor.

It chanced that he was reading for my benefit Alice Meynell's The Shepherdess:

> She holds her little thoughts in sight,
> Though gay they run and leap.
> She is so circumspect and right;
> She has her soul to keep.
> She walks—the lady of my delight—
> A shepherdess of sheep.

Tender, yes; but hardly erotic, nor by any means measures of passion. Yet the passing woman must have caught "The lady of my delight," and presto! the colony was ablaze with the news that Woodrow Wilson was calling me the lady of his delight.

But I must stop this. Perhaps I flatter myself overmuch. How wholly possible it is that it was as much the delight of the food which our cook turned out under the miraculous supervision of my mother that attracted Woodrow Wilson. The man was gastronomically human, although barred from certain foods by a tippy stomach. He dined often with us, and, while he was wont to lay his frequent calls to the charm of our company, I am privileged to have my private opinions, am I not?

Mother's hospitality was as celebrated as it was worthy thereof. Hers was that excellent old Victorian delight in the "groaning board." She cooked the traditional American dishes to the last notch of perfection, and there was a certain lively pleasure in introducing foreigners to baked beans and corn bread, codfish balls and flapjacks with maple sirup. Not that it isn't at times a bit rough on the uninitiated foreigner. I remember an Englishman, for example:

"Your pumpkin pie, you know, doesn't taste so badly, really; but it does *look* so nawsty."

BUT, on the other hand, there was the young flag lieutenant in the North Atlantic squadron who was our guest on the eve of sailing. I have a snapshot photograph of him holding to his side a pot of baked beans which he was conveying from us to the admiral at his request (he, too, had been our guest, but upon a previous occasion).

Evidently beans set well at sea, for I received a wireless from two hundred and fifty miles out:

"Full of baked beans, and very happy."

Ah, yes, when I think of it I am impressed with the certain knowledge that not the least

I KNEW—*By Mary Allen Hulbert*

of the satisfaction which Woodrow Wilson found in our association was derived from my mother's ability to soothe his delicate stomach with beaten egg and milk concoctions with which she often regaled him when he, and often Mrs. Wilson, paid us flying visits in New York.

He was not always the meticulously groomed man he was during his Presidency. He was never untidy; that would have been impossible for him. He had, however, that indifference to clothing which is not uncommon with men who, as he so often was, are preoccupied with their thoughts.

For example, after he had been away from home for a time on his political forays he would (indeed, I cite a specific instance) exact from us a critical inspection of his clothes, with advice as to having a tailor inspect, press, and otherwise revive them. On this occasion he came in looking rather self-satisfied.

"How do you like my suit?" he asked.

As he must have gathered from my uncomprehending look that it did not appear new to me, he explained:

"Of course, it is the same cloth. I had a suit of this gray material made a few years ago, and I liked it so well that I took the whole bolt just to save so much trouble. That's why each new suit looks like its predecessor." And then, almost defiantly: "My tailor is supposed to be one of the best."

Then, too, this same indifference came out in various little ways. For example, at a tea I noticed him stir his cup vigorously, and, absorbed in some discussion, set it down with the spoon still in it. I called his attention to it.

"Woodrow," I said, "I really do not care what you use to stir your tea — even your foot, if you will — but *do* remove it when you are done."

He agreed good naturedly, but was pretty sure to forget on occasion.

HIS professions of finding it restful to talk with me about his trials and tribulations in Princeton and Trenton could not possibly have been without foundation, for the simple reason that he often did, and at great length and intimacy. It is out of the question that I should recall now all that he said, but I am saved to a very great extent from misquotation and other error by the fact that it was for me an educational process in politics.

To understand him, I read—sometimes the newspapers, to his distress—and was wont to make notes of what he had said. I was, in brief, taking political economy and even practical politics as surely as any student in his classes was. And thus, I say, I am able to set down here so much of his discourses.

It was in December, 1911, that he began to realize that he was almost sure to be nominated for the Presidency.

"Everywhere they talk about the likelihood of my being nominated," he said one evening. "There must be something to it, inasmuch as it is being taken so seriously by certain big business interests in New York who realize that they couldn't hope to manage me, and by everybody who, like Hearst, want for personal reasons to see me sidetracked or beaten.

"Moreover, it looks very much as if Roosevelt, and not Taft, will get the Republican nomination, or take it, perhaps I had better say. That would be a campaign worth while."

I AM of the age when we are apt to be unthinking partisans of our father's party, and I was Republican by birth and example, just as I was Presbyterian for the same reason; so I doubt my response would have been quite a whole-hearted agreement to anything set against Theodore Roosevelt. The two—Wilson and Roosevelt—still seem alike to me in their spiritual reaching toward ideals, much as they differed in the flesh.

Once, when I was at Pittsfield, I saw Roosevelt for a few moments when he stopped in to have coffee with our friends and neighbors,

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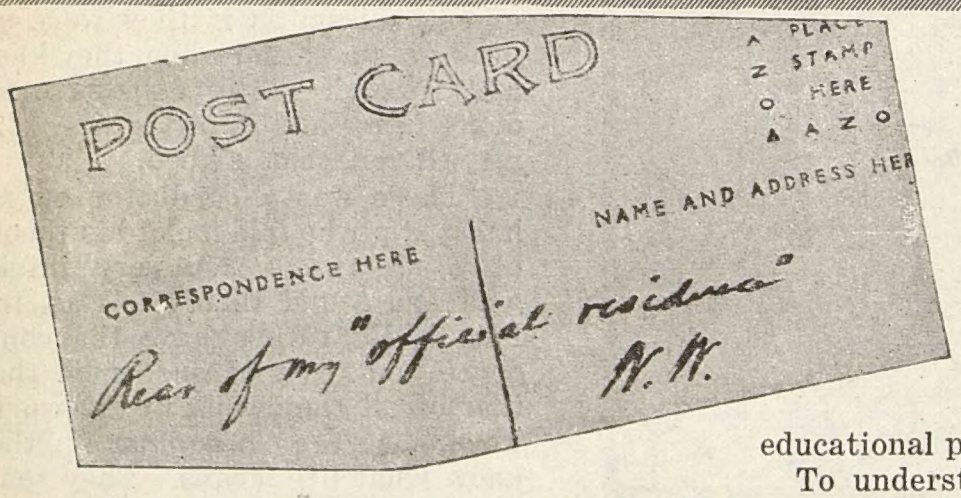
Mary Allen Hulbert, as she looks today.
Fred Brady Photo



Rear view of Prospect, Mr. Wilson's Princeton home, and, at left, front of the post card with President Wilson's own handwriting identifying the picture for Mrs. Hulbert.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE]

Senator and Mrs. Dawes, who asked us to meet him.

It was that day that an accident happened on the road to Lenox, and it was my mother who held Mr. Cortelyou, Mr. Roosevelt's secretary, in her arms until the first faintness and shock had passed. Mr. Roosevelt rushed to them, dusty and flustered, exclaiming:

"George, are your legs hurt? Are your legs hurt, George?"

Mr. Roosevelt began striding up and down the strip of road, lifting his fists in the air and shouting to the world that, unless it was an accident, it was "the most damnable outrage," etc., etc.

Whereupon mother—dear heart—collapsed.

THERE is no secret that the late Theodore Roosevelt disliked Woodrow Wilson with a heartiness which came near to hate; yet I do not think that Doctor Wilson returned the feeling in kind. I know, of course, that he didn't like the Colonel, but, in my presence at least, there was more of derision in his voice as he spoke of Roosevelt than of actual dislike.

"There is nothing very new in politics," he said one night, "except Mr. Roosevelt, who is always new, being bound by nothing in heaven above nor in earth below. He is now rampant and diligently employed in splitting his party wide open."

"If he succeeds," I ventured, "it should enhance your chances if you are nominated."

"Mr. Roosevelt may yet be his country's benefactor," was the reply.

And later, after he had been nominated, he hinted of a possible envy of certain Rooseveltian characteristics. It was after he had taken Mrs. Wilson and me to the theater. I think it was The Merry Countess. At any rate, he had praise for the music and the dancing, but condemned the plot as vulgar. I had not, I assured him, noticed the presence of a plot.

"Do you know," he said to us, "that the election is to take place on the fifth of November, and that that is Guy Fawkes Day?"

I don't recall that we had any comment to make, so he laughed and resumed:

"I was merely wondering whether on such a portentous date some nefarious plot against the government will be thwarted then, as it was before."

He had analyzed the political situation pretty carefully and, as events showed, accurately.

"The contest," he said, "is between Roosevelt and me, and Taft is not a serious factor. Taft will run third. The country will not have him at all. Just what will happen between Roosevelt and me is all guesswork, what with party lines confused and broken.

"Mr. Roosevelt appeals to their imagination; I do not. He is a real, vivid person, for whom they have shouted themselves hoarse and voted for, millions strong. I, on the contrary, am a vague, conjectural personality—a creature more of opinions and the classroom than of human traits and red corpuscles.

"Mr. Roosevelt never works the heart out of himself. I honestly doubt if he has a heart for anybody but himself. I do work the very heart out of myself. That business at Princeton very nearly did for me."

He was quite right when he said that his running fight with Dean West at Princeton hurt him. Also it was quite apparent to me that his warfare with the Democratic bosses in New Jersey, while he was Governor, left him a little less sure and his mind slightly less trenchant than before. He was like that. It was not so much that he was a bad loser, because actually he wasn't, but it was impossible for him to see that anyone could honestly dissent from his opinions and fail to enjoy his ideals.

I saw him, at times, unutterably weary; so did his wife. Together we wondered whether he would survive some of the bitterness; but the man was resilient. All that was required to fetch him from the abysmal depths of despondency to be again the vigorous, defiant, crusading shining knight of Democracy was a new attack. Attack was his tonic, but the time came when he had used up all his reserves, and—well, he died fighting.

AS a sample of his occasional depressions, I recall his words of one evening in 1911 when, sadly shaking his head at my general statement of the glories of public life, he said:

"So many look at it that way. But I know what public life is now. I have no private life at all. I lived a dream life when I was a lad—perhaps too much—and even now my thoughts go back for refreshment to those days when all the world seemed to me a place of heroic adventure.

"And now behold that dreaming boy's Sunday! I must sit on the piazza, flanked by militia officers in all their pomp and circumstance, to be gazed at while the chaplain conducts services on the lawn, with a full brass band to play the hymns. And then I must have all the chaplains, plus all and sundry who choose to come, as luncheon guests. In the afternoon military reviews and calls. And in the evening—— Where and when does one's own heart get a chance to breathe and call up sweet memories on which it lives?"

And again:

"I tell you, Mary, it is a dreadful thing to be hated by those whom one has loved and sought to serve unselfishly. There at Princeton I did my duty, feared no man and no thing. The whole event is in the hands of God."

HE was accustomed to breathe hot and cold alternately on the subject of his being the Democratic nominee for President. I think he kept a cool enough exterior on view when talking the matter over with politicians, but he found in me a sympathetic listener who had no particular political affiliation. This, I am sure, is why he unloaded his innermost heart in my presence.

"I hate things done for policy's sake," he stormed. "I don't do them with any zest."

It was in March, 1911, according to my diary, that he spoke in this vein. There is no doubt in my mind that he had the possibility of being President in his head even then, although he said on numerous occasions that he didn't want to go to the White House. A special session of Congress was in view and he seemed to like to conjecture as to what it would do.

"I hold my breath until I know what use the Democrats are going to make of their majority in the new House," he said. "Champ Clark, their leader and the Speaker, is far from being a wise person. Rather, he is a sort of elephantine smart Aleck." (Such were his very words as I later jotted them down.)

"It is quite all right for you to smile at me, but you haven't any idea how comfortable it is to be able to say these things *entre nous* and without a sense of being publicly indiscreet. Colonel Harvey has become eloquent again, and ingenious on the subject of my being the Democratic nominee for the Presidency. The whole thing is very amusing and I am looking at it as if it were occurring to someone else.

"But, if the Presidency is a governorship greatly increased, I do not think I want it. Do you know what pleases me most in my travels? Well, it is the very plain men such as the conductors and brakemen who come to me with cordial greetings, their eyes shining with a sort of enthusiasm as if they were approaching a friend whom they knew and trusted. They express confidence in me and in my future. Let me tell you, that is good.

"There was a conductor on my latest trip who told me of his theory of State rights. A very intelligent and sound theory it was, too. Pshaw, I'd rather have the confidence and trust of such men than that of all the swells in the world. These men are up against it; they know what life means. They sense the men who comprehend and sympathize. Only such men can help them or the nation."

Shoreby Lane, leading to one of the pleasant walks on the island, where Woodrow Wilson and Mrs. Hulbert spent many delightful hours.

What Wilson Really Thought of Roosevelt, Bryan, Clark

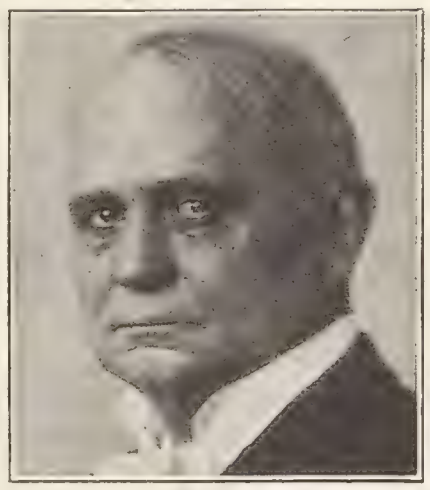
INTIMATE and uncompromisingly frank comments on some of the more notable political personalities of his day were confided by Woodrow Wilson to the author of these reminiscences. "You haven't any idea," he told her, "how comfortable it is to be able to say these things entre nous *and without a sense of being publicly indiscreet." Mrs. Hulbert recorded Mr. Wilson's exact words in her diary, and they now appear in print for the first time.*

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THEODORE ROOSEVELT he discussed with more of derision than of actual dislike. "There is nothing very new in politics," he said, "except Mr. Roosevelt, who is always new, being bound by nothing in Heaven above nor in earth below. He is now rampant and diligently employed in splitting his party wide open. Mr. Roosevelt appeals to their [the voters'] imagination; I do not. He is a real, vivid person, for whom they have shouted themselves hoarse and voted, millions strong. Mr. Roosevelt never works the heart out of himself. I honestly doubt if he has a heart for anybody but himself."

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN
Harris & Ewing Photo

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, he observed, "made scores of hero worshipers out of young men and old men by filling them with the conviction that he was their friend and tribune. He has devoted himself to creating and maintaining an immense personal influence and to nothing else. With him causes have been merely means to an end for the past years, and even now no one may supplant him who will not deliberately enter the lists against him and do likewise, with this great difference—devote himself to principles, to ideas, to definite programs, and not to personal preferment."



CHAMP CLARK
Moffett Photo

"CHAMP CLARK," said Mr. Wilson with biting brevity, "is far from being a wise person. Rather he is a sort of elephantine smart Aleck."

I never could be sure what he really thought of Mr. Bryan. He talked of him often, but never in convincing terms. For example, I find a memorandum of this:

"It is interesting how one arouses interest and enthusiasm in others by being interested in *them.* Bryan made scores of hero worshipers out of young men and old men by filling them with the conviction that he was their friend and tribune. It seems to me to be the power of vivid sympathy. Perhaps the power of love. I can" be certain."

And at another time:

"It is almost impossible to organize a successful party of opposition within less than another generation unless men as unlike Mr. Bryan as principle is unlike expediency will devote themselves to gaining influence and control as if to a daily business, as Mr. Bryan has done.

"He has devoted himself to creating and maintaining an immense personal influence and to nothing else. With him causes have been merely means to an end for the past years, and even now no one may supplant him who will not deliberately enter the lists against him and do likewise, with this great difference—devote himself to principles, to ideas, to definite programs, and not to personal preferment. In brief, he must be a man with a cause, not a candidacy."

"Why not take that initiative yourself and build up a leadership which will be effective?" I asked him.

"Because," he replied, "I do not judge myself as partially as you judge me. But I am willing to do this. I am willing to *seem* to take the initiative, to *seem* to venture upon the field alone and of my own volition and then yield the field to some of the rivals who would certainly be drawn out by my action. They would then *have* to carry on. The people would make them do it."

A week or so later I asked him whether he still had the same feeling toward the Presidency.

"Yes," he assured me. "And I am still of the opinion that I should be willing to take the initiative in behalf of a new and real party of opposition. The man who first adventures in that manner will be the one misunderstood and discredited by the forces of jealousy which would gather against him, but if that sacrifice is necessary I am not unwilling to offer myself. Certainly I do not want the Presidency. The more closely I see it the less I want of it. Certainly I don't covet it. And the sacrifice would mean abandoning what no prudent man who loves even his physical life could desire.

"Two years from now, you see, I can retire on a Carnegie pension of four thousand dollars and I have two thousand of my own. I shall not wait more than two years for the Princeton trustees to do their bounden duty with regard to reform of university life."

HE wanted to leave Princeton, but when the time came to go he was the most sorrowing of men. His frequent comments upon his contests with the trustees, and with Dean West in particular, were saved from utter gloom by gleams of humor which I joyfully noted in my disorderly diary.

"A week with the trustees wears my spirits out more than it fatigues my body," he said. "After it is all over I need sleep and silence. I am not sanguine regarding anything affecting myself; I simply fight stubbornly and circumspectly on. But fighting tells hard on a man who has not the ability to hope confidently. I am simply a Scots-Irishman who will not be conquered.

"A dear old colleague of mine who is about to be married at the age of seventy-six advises me not to worry. He assures me that I am doing everything that could be done and to trust in God for what I cannot do. He is so evidently relying on Providence himself that I am sure he is a sincere adviser.

"Poor old gentleman! He has been desperately lonely since his wife died two years ago, desperately in need of someone to take care of him. All the men heartily approve of his marrying again, the woman being of suitable age. But the women are horrified and sarcastic. Fortunately there is but one woman he has to consult. He is an impulsive Irishman, God bless him."

I am translating from my diary at the risk of boring you, but all these little conversations were so illuminating and, now that I am surveying the years I knew Woodrow Wilson, they all seem to leap forth at me quite as fresh as they were when spoken. He derived considerable satisfaction from speaking his mind privately. I was not wholly aware of the more intricate problems he faced at Princeton, but I gradually came to know them from him. One of his pet aversions was a particularly wealthy trustee, of whom he always spoke to me as "The celebrated Mr. ——."

"The celebrated Mr. ——," he said, "came to Princeton yesterday with his wife and two nieces. He didn't come to see me. Oh, no, it is always West or Pyne he calls on. I have never been a part of the university to his mind. The now complacent West gave him a luncheon and the whole crowd of opposition was invited. Their beloved Mrs. Cleveland was there, more beautiful than ever from her year in Europe.

"But not one member of the faculty who is known to be sympathetic toward me was bidden. To be sure I went. They had to in-

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vite me, the president. The truth is that there are no more big things in a college president's day than there are in any other man's. There is no use in posing and pretending that his life is not made up of trifles. Sophomores are tiresome young fools and freshmen are a great anxiety hardly worth being anxious about, since they are to become sophomores in their turn."

"Why all this worry about mere trifles?" I laughed.

"Good," he agreed. "Thank you for jeering. I need it now and then."

And then he had quite a time of it telling me that a new professor at Princeton had just published a volume of essays and sketches which he had dedicated "To M. A. P." (My initials had been M. A. P. Obviously not mine alone.)

"And *his* last initial is not 'P.,' madam," he told me gravely. "I must look into this."

AFTER he was elected Governor, he rather enjoyed planning to upset the schemes of the machine bosses. I remember one night he called upon mother and me, full of zest about his coming work in Trenton. He said:

"A well informed newspaper man from Washington told me that when I was nominated they thought I was a fine man of unimpeachable character and plenty of brains, but an academic person easy to hoodwink. Well, my campaign disabused them of that. However, there were some who looked askance when they found the Wall Street crowd so complacent about my candidacy; but when I promptly went after Smith and let it be known I intended putting him out of Democratic politics in New Jersey they threw their hats in the air and now they are waiting for me to be President.

"Undoubtedly I am at this moment the most talked of man in the country and I am reassured to find that it hasn't the least effect upon me. I feel detached from what is going on about me. I have always felt that way all my life. My thoughts are just as apt to turn to some boyish recollection or childish fancy as to the news and problems of the day.

"Thoughts of the Presidency annoy me to a certain degree. I do not want to be President. There is too little play in it, too little time for friends, too much distasteful publicity and frills and fuss. I dote on going my own way. I love the affairs of the world and want to handle them, but I do not want to wear the harness and trappings."

Never indifferent to criticism, no matter from what quarter, he grew less and less tolerant of it as political problems became more troublous and his progress more impeded by his adversaries. On one occasion he delivered himself of a bitter arraignment of the newspapers. I chanced to refer to some newspaper editorial which was not kind to him. I failed to note the subject of the attack but find that he warned me from newspaper opinion.

"Don't believe anything you read in them," he said with unusual vehemence. "If you read any of the newspapers I see you are standing on barren ground. All of them are untrustworthy. They represent things as they would have them, not as they are. Read the editorial page and you will know what to expect in the news columns.

"Their lying is shameless, colossal."

Of my own personal troubles I spoke to him but seldom. To be sure he knew that I had left my husband and that, eventually, I obtained a divorce. I was of the Middle West—Michigan, to be exact—and although I had lived in New England for sixteen years I was not *of* New England, as I was permitted to understand on sundry occasions. Still I loved New England and could not find it easy to leave it.

After Pittsfield, I lived in Nantucket and in Boston. In Nantucket I occupied a house which had been my son's grandfather's, and while I loved the place for itself I was not permitted to have the same warm feeling for some of the natives.

"Nowhere but in that morbid atmosphere would you so misinterpret yourself—speaking New England judgments against yourself until I am at the point of bursting with hot dissent," he said one evening after I had somewhat forlornly said that there must be something fundamentally wrong with *me*. "Can't you—won't you—live in the South or West, or even in normal New Jersey? Why perversely go back to the place that nearly starves the life out of you?"

"Yes, but you, too, protest against continued attack, eternal misrepresentation," I reminded him.

"It is human to do so, and forgive me for preaching unpracticed things," he replied. "It is a terrible thing to stand in a blaze of publicity, the target of all attacks. But every assault they make on me—the men who dominate big business—strengthens me. Every weapon they use proves a boomerang. But it is an awful ordeal."

"There is a difference," I argued.

"Mary, you are a bit of a humbug. You are always delightful in sweeping without notice from one mood to another. You only let your troubles appear on the surface when you find, like an indulged child, that you can get the sort of sympathy you want."

And with that he dashed off into more discussion of his enemies—real and fancied. He was, at the time, Governor, and he had come to grips with one of the important men in Columbia University.

"Small men have tried ignorantly to put me in a hole by discrediting themselves," he said. "It is a merry world for a cynic, but for a normal man it is disheartening. Here we have the leader of a petty, partisan band, a learned and distinguished professor at Columbia with plenty of independent means and brains of a kind, but not a single moral scruple to his name. I have never despised any other man quite so heartily, although there are others I have found worthier of hate, but in another university."

One night in May, 1912, he came to New York to speak at a dinner held by the Reform Club. He and Mrs. Wilson came to see us.

"I am to make a speech tonight on the tariff," he chuckled. "Can you imagine anything less exciting? Really, I came in order not to be in Princeton any part of today. As you know, Jack Hibben" (thus familiarly) "was inaugurated president today and I did not want to be present to play the hypocrite. To go and say what I really think would be to break up the meeting and greatly injure the dear old place. I should have stayed away as I did, but it was hard and mortifying.

"To be true to one's self and candid in utterance of the truth is to live in a very embarrassing world; and yet what man would buy peace with the price of his soul?"

All these visits Woodrow Wilson made to my apartment were not to go without his enemies making the most of it. It didn't matter that oftener than not Mrs. Wilson accompanied him nor that my mother was present. Those who seized upon the whole friendship for their own amusement or political ammunition were not concerned about those two blessed women.

The curious thing about it was that he never heard the same stories I did. I heard so many and he so few that in time I was rather proof against hurt, but whenever a whisper was loud enough to reach his ears he came rather helplessly to me, bitter but puzzled. He didn't know just how such attacks were to be fought, and more often than not I would agree with him that there was nothing to be done inasmuch as the slanderous beasts had left no trails.

A particularly mystifying rumor came to him in September, 1912. I had offered to him and Mrs. Wilson, in case of his election, the use of my house at Bermuda. My mother had been failing, although there was no definite reason to believe that she would die soon thereafter, and I had made arrangements to take mother with me to Canada while the Wilsons should be in Bermuda.

IT was to be Ellen Axson Wilson's first voyage to Bermuda, and she was almost childlike in her anticipations because she had listened to Woodrow and me grow poetic about it.

"It is unbelievable," he said, referring to the rumor, "but there seems to be some scandal about me. I don't want to believe it; I can't yet. But this is what I heard: that ——— (a United States Senator) recently said to a man sitting next to him at dinner that he understood a judge had in his possession or had been shown a letter in connection with an action for divorce, and that I was in some way implicated. I hate to speak of this, but—well, I never felt just like this before. I just don't know what to say. I think the inference drawn was that the letter was from me.

"The thing is outrageous, and is so easily refuted; but, no matter how definite the refutation might be, it might serve to ruin me utterly. So I come to you, hoping that if there is any discoverable clew to the infamous thing you will help me trace it. The mere breath of such a thing would, of course, put an end to my candidacy and my career. It is too deep an iniquity for words."

The author's visit to the Wilsons in Washington—the problems of housekeeping in the White House—a "secret" cigaret smoke—Ellen Axson Wilson's lovable nature—her death and its saddening effect on the President—the announcement of his engagement to Mrs. Galt—gossip and the whisper about letters that worried a certain functionary—all are described in Liberty next week, in the fourth article of Mrs. Hulbert's fascinating series.

If You're Poor, Count Your Blessings!

YOU'RE much better off than if you were born rich. Don't believe it? Dr. Frank Crane will convince you (or try to) in next week's Liberty. This kindly philosopher, one of the most widely read men in America, has his own ideas about the desirability of great wealth. He sets them forth in an entertaining and persuasive article you won't want to miss, entitled

The PRIVILEGES of POVERTY

Big Things---In a Bigger Way

By RICHARD CONNELL

Pictures by TONY SARG

Ham, Noah's son, shoveling guinea pigs into the ark with a steam shovel.

A Fantasy of the Future in a World Gone Movie-Mad

I.

TWO elephants could easily have danced a minuet in the private office of Anton Falk. If this idea had occurred to Mr. Falk he would have pressed one of the fifty buttons on his teakwood desk and the animal vice president of the Super-Superior Pictures Corporation would have shot to the president's side. Mr. Falk would have said six swift words in his subordinate's ear, and in ten minutes two of the largest captive elephants would have been treading a measure on the luxurious rug on Mr. Falk's floor. That was Falk—a man who got things done.

Around the wall of his acre of office he had had printed in crimson letters three feet high the words:

BIG THINGS — IN A BIGGER WAY!

That was the motto of the Super-Superior Pictures Corporation, and the astounding man who had built, and who dominated it.

Falk's creed was, "The chief function of man is to entertain himself. The moving picture is the best form of entertainment. Falk makes the best pictures. The Super-Superior Pictures are BIG!"

Half the world paid tribute to him. It was the other half which was worrying him as he ate his lunch at his desk that day. His lunch, as always, consisted of nothing but caviar. He ate it from a hammered gold bowl, an egg at a time. Daintily he picked up each separate egg with his thin fingers, suspended it above his opened mouth, dropped it in. He could eat a hundred dollars worth of caviar in twenty-nine minutes.

Falk was talking to Horrocks, who had twice refused the Presidency of the United States that he might continue his work as first vice president of the Super-Superior Pictures. Falk spoke in a whisper; he had never been known to raise his voice.

"A BRAIN on an air cushion." So Falk had been described. Or, again, "Ninety pounds, and all gray matter." He was an elf of a man and looked as fragile as a gilt Christmas tree ball. His head was large and pale, like a dinosaur's egg, and had rather less hair than a mirror. His body was a mere postscript, and most of his face did not matter at all. It was his eyes that held one's attention.

Big, black, and singularly vivid were Falk's eyes. It seemed as if all the rest of him were merely a setting for them. They were the eyes of a poet, a dreamer, a zealot; some said, a fanatic. With those eyes, it was said, he could suck the marrow from a long report at a glance, or watch three moving pictures at the same time and not miss a single detail.

"Horrocks," whispered Falk, gently, "we must crush Elphinstone. It isn't a question of money now. It's a question of pride, Falk's pride."

Horrocks nodded his massive pink head.

"Elphinstone's new picture, Westward Ho, Ye Pioneers!" rumbled Horrocks, "will gross thirty millions. It's the biggest picture he's ever made."

"It's the biggest picture anybody ever made," said Falk. "That's why Falk is going to make a bigger one. Falk fights fire with fire."

"Don't get burned, chief," urged Horrocks. "Fire costs money. Do you know how much the ten reels of Westward Ho, Ye Pioneers! cost Elphinstone?"

"Million a reel," replied Falk. "No matter. Elphinstone can't outspend us. Falk is going

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Columbus goes on a moose hunt and personally shoots eighty moose.

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to put over a picture that will make Westward Ho, Ye Pioneers! look like one of those little two million dollar magic lantern shows the film men used to be so proud of back in 1924."

Horrocks shrugged fat shoulders as he remarked, "They were big for their day, and Elphinstone's picture is big for today."

"Falk lives tomorrow," declared Falk. "Listen. How many moose did Elphinstone use in his big hunting scene?"

"Fifteen thousand," Horrocks answered.

"Then in our new picture we'll use thirty thousand," said Falk, eyes aglow. "And ten thousand caribou! Nobody is going to outmoose Falk."

"What new picture, chief?"

"THE biggest the world has ever seen," said Falk. "A giant idea. Hit me this morning. Listen. It's to be twenty reels. Elphinstone thinks his ten reels with a few thousand moose, Indians, pioneers, and prairie schooners is the last word in superfeatures. Not while Falk has a checkbook. What he did for the Far West, Falk is going to do for the whole country!"

"What do you mean?"

"Listen. The title tells the story." Falk's whisper grew dramatic. "Here it is. Get it. Making America!"

"Making America!" repeated Horrocks. "Sounds gigantic."

"It is gigantic," said Falk. "Listen. How many pioneers did Elphinstone use?"

"Twenty thousand."

"Then I'll use forty thousand. How many Indians did he use?"

"Every last Indian now alive in the United States," replied Horrocks.

"My new picture," announced Falk, "will use all of them, too, and I've just cabled to Rio to have ten thousand South American Indians shipped here at once."

Horrocks hitched his chair closer to the president's desk, for he knew when Falk's whisper took on the dreamy tone of a mystic at prayer the mind of Falk was big with cosmic things.

"Making America," Falk began, "will start at the beginning——"

"Landing of Columbus?" queried Horrocks.

"No," Falk said. "With Lief the Lucky."

"Who's he? Indian?"

"No. Swede. History says he was the first white man to get to America. Came over in a little skiff. We'll bring him over in thirty big skiffs. It will make the professors sore; but don't forget this is a superpicture."

Falk called his technical staff "the professors" with good reason; all of them had at one time occupied important chairs at Harvard, Oxford, Heidelberg, Prague——

"Well, this Lief," continued Falk, "has an affair with the Queen of Norway and she throws him down, so he wanders over to America and woos a beautiful Indian maid——"

"Is that history?" questioned Horrocks.

There was a hint of pain in Falk's eyes as he replied:

"Horrocks, I'm getting out a picture, not an encyclopedia. We've got to have a queen in this picture. Elphinstone didn't have one in his. In goes the queen. Well, this Lief woos a lovely Indian girl named Pocahontas——"

"Say, wait a bit," interposed Horrocks. "Seems to me she married a fellow named John Smith."

IN the patient, reproving tone of one addressing a child, Falk said, "Horrocks, where's your picture sense? In a big, expensive picture like this how could we possibly have a hero named John Smith? John is out. Well, to hurry on. Meantime, Columbus has an affair with the Queen of Spain——"

"Did he?" asked Horrocks.

"He will," replied Falk. "But she jilts Christopher. So, broken-hearted, he sails for America."

"How does he know about America?"

"Lief the Lucky wrote him about it," answered Falk. "So Columbus sails over and lands near New Jersey with forty galleons, maybe fifty. Yes, fifty, anyhow. Size, that's our slogan. Well, Lief and Columbus don't get along at all well. The Indian girl is to blame, of course. They're both crazy about her. So they come to blows and there is a terrible battle between Columbus and his Spaniards and Lief and his Swedes. Thrilling hand-to-hand stuff on land and sea. Galleons and skiffs sunk all over the place. Then, crash! What's that?"

"Where?" cried Horrocks, spinning about.

"In the picture, of course," said Falk, with dancing eyes. "Crash! Great Heavens, it's the Indians. And when I say Indians, Horrocks, I mean Indians. Too many to count. They rush down to the water's edge to beat back the white invaders. The air is full of arrows. Lief and Columbus stop hacking at each other. Caption: 'Shall the Rivalry of Love Blind the White Explorers to Their Duty to Civilize the Red Men of the New World?' Another caption: 'White Blood Calls to White Blood.'

"The Swedes and the Spaniards join forces and turn on the redskins. That's going to be a bear of a scrap, Horrocks. It will make Elphinstone's little shooting affair look as tame as a tea party in a nursery. Of course, the whites lambast the daylights out of the redskins. Lief is shot full of arrows and dies, and Columbus gets Pocahontas, who has been in love with him all along. How does that hit you?"

"Sounds great," said Horrocks, with enthusiasm.

"And the best part of it is," Falk continued, "that it is clean and educational. Ought to pack 'em in. Special shows for school children, and all that. But listen. You've only heard the heart-interest part. Now we get to the visions. On his honeymoon Columbus goes on a moose hunt and personally shoots eighty moose. Guess that will make Elphinstone's measly hunt where only forty moose were killed look like a rat hunt in a barn."

"Splendid," said Horrocks, "splendid."

II.

"COLUMBUS falls asleep on a pile of moose," whispered on Falk. Excitement made him talk like a telegram. "Dreams. Sees future of America. Visions. You can get away with murder in visions. Columbus sees Washington. At Bunker Hill. Another battle. I've bought Bunker Hill for this scene. Chris sees Lincoln free slaves. Whale of a scene, that one. Get it. Lincoln on roof of White House. All around it slaves and slaves and more slaves. Lincoln says, 'Slaves, you're free.' The whole fifty thousand of 'em dance with joy. Artistic effect, see? White House surrounded by black slaves. Striking, eh?"

"Striking," agreed Horrocks, "striking."

"Then more visions. Columbus sees battle of Gettysburg, blowing up of battleship Maine, and train wreck on Hell Gate Bridge. I've got two trains and have been wanting to smash 'em together for a long time. Spectacular, eh? Nothing like it in Elphinstone's picture. And, oh, yes, Columbus, in a vision, sees pioneers winning the West and Custer's last stand——"

"Elphinstone used that," cautioned Horrocks.

"Falk will use it, too; and I'll use three times as many soldiers and four times as many Indians, and instead of letting the white men get massacred, I'll have six divisions of United States Marines rush in at the last minute and save 'em. There'll be an emotional wallop in that, Horrocks."

The movie creator became executive.

"Today we start to make Making America," he said. "And remember this, Horrocks. For every prairie schooner, pioneer, love affair and Indian in Elphinstone's picture we are going to use two. We'll bill the picture The Epic Peak of Pageantry, Panorama, and Punch! And what's more, it's going to be. Big Things—In a Bigger Way—that's Falk."

B. Gordon Elphinstone, the president of Elphinstone Films, groaned aloud. He had

just seen the first showing of Making America.

"I knew it would be big," he muttered, "but I didn't think it would be that big."

His jaw was thrust out like a cowcatcher. He chewed a black cigar a foot long and of such strength no lesser man had ever finished one. Elphinstone smoked thirty of them a day, and then chewed the stubs. He was a strong man. Often he said, "Drive and dough will do anything. And I've got 'em both."

"Send in all the scenarists," he boomed. They trooped in, a regiment of them, the best writing brains in the world, for since the astonishing development of the moving pictures that began in 1925 nobody read books any more.

"Our honor is at stake," began Mr. Elphinstone, profoundly serious. "Yes, and I'll go so far as to say that our profits are at stake. You've seen the new Falk pictures. Little men don't face truth. We do. The simple, solid truth is that Falk's new picture makes our Westward Ho, Ye Pioneers as worthless as a Zeppelin in a subway. Who will pay to see forty moose shot when, for the same money, they can see eighty? Well, what are we going to do about it?"

His eyes glittered with determination.

"I'll tell you," he cried in his great bass, "we're going to beat it."

THE room resounded with their cheers. Elphinstone swept the room with searchlight gaze.

"Any ideas?" he shot out. "Superideas?"

A gaunt, white haired man arose. He was Shaw, the chief scenarist.

"Falk had a whale of a theme," he said. "Nothing is more interesting than growth. Is it, Sells?"

The second scenarist, a stocky, mustached man, nodded.

"Yes," he said, "every man likes to watch a skyscraper being built——"

"Stop!" roared Elphinstone. "I've got something. There's one thing a man would rather watch than a skyscraper being built——"

"What's that?" chorused the scenarists.

"A skyscraper crashing down," cried Elphinstone. "Destruction! I've got Falk, now. He gave the world Making America, an epic of growth. I'll give the world"—his voice was a trumpet—"an epic of destruction—The Unmaking of Europe!"

The scenarists sat spellbound at the audacity of the man.

"Hop to it, all of you," Elphinstone commanded. "The sky's the limit. Ransack history. Put in dozens of kings, queens, battles, and love affairs between peasant maids and princes. Give us a dramatic picture of Europe from the day Julius Cæsar discovered it, right down to the day after tomorrow. Spend money. I don't care what you do, but make it big. Beat Falk at his own game."

"We could reënact the Battle of Waterloo," suggested Shaw.

"By all means," said Elphinstone, delightedly. "With the original cast, if possible——"

"We could build the picture around Napoleon," put in Sells. "Show all his battles and love affairs——"

"They'll have to be clean," declared Elphinstone.

"Of course," said Sells, mildly miffed. "I know the public, I think. Then we'd finish up with the World War."

"Bully," chortled Elphinstone. "And everything must be made on a monster scale. Bigness. Stencil that word on your brains. And, by the way, be sure to put in a collision between two ocean liners——"

He answered their looks of interrogation by saying:

"As soon as I saw Falk's train wreck I hustled out and bought the Behemothic and the Mastodontic, the two largest liners afloat, and in this picture I'm going to smash 'em together at full speed right in New York harbor. Guess that will make Falk's train wreck look like a penny peep show."

It took a year and a day of driving work, and a Niagara of money to make The Unmaking of Europe, but an amazed world voted it worth the making. The money of the world began to flow with magnetic certainty toward Mr. Elphinstone's deep pockets. The crowds no longer fought to get in to see Falk's masterpiece. Elphinstone had given them bigger scenes, bigger thrills. Anton Falk, in fierce, brooding silence, munched caviar.

Out of his thinking emerged, first shadowy, then sharp, the plan of a new picture, greater than all that had gone before as the shark is greater than the smelt, and the eagle greater than the butterfly. It was to be a superfeature of colossal size, and was to be called The Remaking of Europe. To get some of the battle scenes Falk had to start a war. No matter. He started one.

"I'll give 'em real realism," he declared. And he did.

Elphinstone, on seeing it, had to admit that his big picture, beside the new Falk opus, was as utterly dwarfed as is a maiden's tear by the Great Salt Lake. A lesser man would have broken. But Elphinstone had thews of steel and an indomitable will. For days he lashed on his imagination, drinking only black coffee the while, until finally one morning he called together his corps of scenarists.

"Falk thinks he has me down for the count," said Elphinstone. "He has said that the superfeature game has reached the limit in the Remaking of Europe. Well, he's wrong. There's a duel on between him and me, a duel to the death. I'm going to beat Falk's picture if it breaks me."

He brought down a heavy fist on his desk.

"FALK used Europe," he said. "But Europe, after all, is only a small pink smear on the map. My next picture"—they all held their breaths—"will have for its setting the whole wide world!"

"It's a staggering idea, the one I'm going to put up to you," he said. "Some of you may think me crazy. Some may say we can't possibly put so vast a drama on the screen. Wait and see. Drive and dough will do anything."

His voice was intense.

"I sweated blood when I saw The Remaking of Europe," he said. "That devil Falk had hit upon a tremendous idea, and had screened

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"Guess that will make Elphinstone's measly hunt where only forty moose were killed look like a rat hunt in a barn."

The most important New Year's Resolution you can make

A CREED OF HEALTH FOR EVERY MAN AND WOMAN

I want to be well---By "well" I mean positively, buoyantly well. I am not satisfied merely to be "not sick"---I believe that being completely well is the condition most fundamental to happiness and success---I realize that I cannot get something for nothing. I realize that to achieve buoyant health, I must regulate my life in accordance with certain natural laws---But I am convinced that nothing which I must deny myself is worth a fraction of that which I will gain---Therefore during this coming year I shall as far as possible live the natural life which makes for health.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

it in a tremendous way. The Remaking of Europe could only have been done by a genius—or a madman. It doesn't matter which Falk is. He's given the world what it's gone wild about—size. Well, we can beat him; but only in one way. We must make a bigger picture. That's all."

He mopped his streaming brow.

"I've squeezed my brain," he went on. "I wanted, not an America-sized theme, not a Europe-sized theme, but a world-sized theme. And I got it. I got it!"

HE took a step forward and cried in a voice that made the window panes tremble in their frames:

"What I'm going to do is film the Creation of the World!"

For a second they were bewildered; then the possibilities of the idea were glimpsed by them; they broke into applause.

"Here's the title," went on Elphinstone, hoarse with excitement. "Get it. The Birth of the World! How's that for size?"

"Gargantuan," said Shaw.

"Brobdingnagian," said Sells.

"It's going to be more than a big, expensive picture," declaimed Elphinstone. "It's going to be the biggest picture that can be made. It may cost one billion, two billion, three—no matter. We'll think in billions. It may take two years to make; ten years, twenty—no matter. It may take two solid days to run off, two weeks, two months—no matter. Size is the only thing we'll consider. We'll start with the Book of Genesis. On that for a foundation we will build a picture so enormous that before we are through at least half the human beings on the face of the earth today will have appeared in it, and most of the animals."

They waited his next words. They came:

"It will be a monster job, of course. Worlds are not created in a day. But with our engineers and our money we can do anything. I thought we might be stumped by that part about 'Let the waters under the Heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear.' But we're going to do it. Jorgersen, our aquatic engineer, says he can make an ocean, with the aid of modern science, in the Sahara Desert. Luckily, we own the desert. He's at work now on plans for flooding it with a sudden flood."

Mr. Elphinstone smiled triumphantly.

"We will 'shoot' the Deluge there, too," he continued, "and Noah's trip in the Ark. And, speaking of Noah, the Ark scene alone will break Falk's heart. Noah brought into the Ark only two animals of every species, one male, one female. I'm going to make Noah a piker. My Ark is going to be bigger than Central Park and is going to be stuffed to the roof with animals; hundreds, yes, thousands of them, of every sort and kind. My elephants, for example, will take three hours to pass a given point. My giraffe bill alone will, I expect, be well over half a million dollars. One scene—I put this in for comedy—shows Ham, Noah's son, shoveling guinea pigs into the Ark with a steam shovel."

"But they didn't have steam shovels in those days," protested the scenarist Sells, whose specialty was history.

Elphinstone shrugged his shoulders.

"I guess we can stretch a point for the sake of a little comedy," he said. "Besides, it's touches like that that establish an atmosphere of fantasy. Ham will be a comic character, you see. I'll sign Al Udelsen, the great black-face comedian, to play Ham."

"NOW, we've got to have a plot, and I've doped out a pippin. Even superfeatures must have heart-throbs, you know. So I'm going to use the Garden of Eden story. Now, of course, people can't get much of a throb out of watching a snake act, even if we could train a boa constrictor for the part. So I'm going to make the snake a man—a he-vamp part, see? Well, Mr. Snake is one of these slick society fellows and he tries to vamp Eve away from Adam, who is poor but good. The first triangle—get the notion? Well, Mr. Snake does his darndest to make Eve fall for him, and that makes Noah sore——"

"Noah?" ejaculated Shaw. "What has Noah got to do with Adam and Eve and the Garden of Eden?"

"Why, he lives there, of course," replied Elphinstone. "Noah is Eve's legal guardian, in the picture. He's one of these fatherly old chaps, you know. Well, Noah builds the Ark to take Eve away from her peril—she's an innocent flapper type like the fans like—and Noah takes Adam and Eve, who are not married yet, of course, away from Eden, and they run into a terrible storm, the Deluge. Some scene, that's going to be!

"Well, Mr. Snake has smuggled himself aboard among the camels, and he catches Eve alone on deck and tries to wrong her. That's going to be another corking scene. Mr. Snake chases Eve all over the Ark and Adam hears the racket and comes upstairs and tangles with Mr. Snake. That ought to be good for about two thousand feet of red hot, rough and tumble battling all over the deck and in and out among the animals. They throw monkeys at each other—yes, it will be a neat battle. Of course, Adam wins and pitches Mr. Snake into the sea, and Adam and Eve plight their troth. That's all the

plot we'll need, I think. Don't you, Shaw?"

"Yes," said Shaw, "that's plenty."

"The rest," went on Mr. Elphinstone, "will be tremendously big scenes, mobs of millions, battles, and visions——"

"We could put in the building of the Pyramids——" said Sells.

"Right," said Mr. Elphinstone, "and the making of Niagara Falls and the Grand Canyon, and Mount Everest. Size—that's what we want. Don't put in a single bullfrog where you can get in a bull. Give me bigness, bigness, bigness!"

III.

THEY gave him bigness. Even the mind of Elphinstone was aghast at the size of The Birth of the World and at the size of the bills. He paid them, however, cheerfully, for he had done what he set out to do. He had made an unsurpassable picture. He had crushed Falk. Falk might sit at his desk with red rimmed eyes and bitten finger nails for a week, two weeks, forever. But Falk could never excel in size the leviathan of a picture that B. Gordon Elphinstone had launched into a breathless world.

True, Elphinstone Films were at the very door of bankruptcy because of the stupendous outlays in making The Birth of the World and it seemed doubtful if, even in a score of years, the millions of people thronging to see The Ultimate Picture (for so it was billed) would pour back enough gold into the yawning vaults of Elphinstone's company to make the titanic picture a good investment financially. Elphinstone was not perturbed; he smiled, blandly. His soul soared above material considerations now. Poverty might seize him in its grim talons, but his name would live throughout the ages to come. He had made the world's biggest picture, the biggest that could ever be made. And he had smashed Falk.

Falk looked smashed as he sat at his desk that night. He had sat there a week as if dead. Only his great eyes were alive. Now and then a spark showed in them, the reflection of an idea. Hundreds of pieces of paper lay on the floor about him. They were discarded ideas. On he searched. He did not dare admit that Elphinstone had used the only big idea left in the world. Falk knew that if he admitted that to himself, his own mind, with no hope of new worlds to conquer, would snap like a frayed violin string. So he put his brain to fresh, new tortures to wring from it the one idea he must have or die.

Anxiously, Horrocks came to his chief's office that night to beg him to take a rest. As the vice president put his hand on the gold knob of the presidential door he heard within a sound no man had ever heard before. It was a high, strange, ribald noise. It was Falk laughing. Till then, Horrocks knew, Falk had never even smiled.

Horrocks, in alarm, burst into the room. Yes, it was Falk who was laughing, and it was Falk's voice, no longer a whisper, that screamed.

"I have it! I have it! I have it!"

IT was Falk's tarantula-like body that skipped from behind the desk and danced a spasmodic, primitive dance on the rug.

"Falk is not smashed," chanted Falk in a treble cackle. "Falk is not smashed. It is Elphinstone who is smashed—smashed like a bug beneath a ton of gold!"

"What is it, chief?" asked Horrocks in agitation. "Tell me. Are you all right?"

"Might is right," chanted Falk. Then, in his unfamiliar cackle, "Horrocks, never say die. While there's brains there's hope. Elphinstone says his Birth of the World can't be beat, does he? There's no fool like a prophet. He thought he used the last big idea, did he? But he forgot one, Horrocks, he forgot one. And Falk found it. Falk found it!"

"What?"

Falk's body was twitching and his eyes were torches.

"Elphinstone gave me the idea himself," he cried. "He said, 'Man likes to see a skyscraper crash down! Man loves to watch destruction!' He's right, Horrocks. He's given me my theme. Destruction. That's it."

"But," objected Horrocks, "that's been done. In The Unmaking of Europe Elphinstone went the limit in destroying things. . . ."

"Not the limit," cackled Falk. "His limit, maybe. But not mine. He may think in terms of limits, but Falk thinks in terms of infinities."

"But your new idea?" questioned Horrocks.

"Elphinstone's Birth of the World was a giant idea, a giant picture." Falk was whispering now. "I have found the only idea that is more terrific. . . ."

Horrocks could hardly hear the words as they hissed from Falk——

"Falk will screen The Death of the World."

Horrocks stared at the man.

"Don't you see it?" whispered Falk. "What could be more tremendous than the end of the world?"

"But the picture? What plot . . . ."

"Here's our plot," whispered Anton Falk. "A brilliant young scientist, who is an idealist, loves a beautiful girl, but the evil world ruins her and he loses her, and also loses, one by one, his ideals. The shocks to his mind unbalance his reason, and he says, 'What use is the world? It's a sick, mad world at best, and plunging on to inevitable destruction. I'd be doing a good act to put the world out of its misery.' So he does."

"He does what, Falk?"

"He destroys the world."

"How?"

"He blows it to bits with a new explosive he has invented."

"It can't be done," said Horrocks.

"Falk can do anything," whispered Falk. He fished in his pocket and brought out a dirty scrap of paper, covered with symbols.

"See that?"

Horrocks nodded.

"That," said Falk, "is the formula of a new explosive, infinitely more powerful than any now known. It is TNT raised to the *n*th power. A hundred tons of it would blow the earth to bits no bigger than my finger."

"Great Heavens, man," cried Horrocks, "what do you propose to do?"

Falk twisted his pale lips into a smile.

"Start this minute making The Death of the World," he said. "The Infinite Picture——"

SECRECY surrounded the operations of an army of men on a stretch of prairie in Smith County, Kansas. Some of the people who lived near there said the men were digging for oil and were sinking the widest and deepest well ever dug. Others said a huge monument was to be erected there to mark the geographical center of the United States, which was at that spot.

In a cabin near the great hole sat a small man with a large, pale head, no body to speak of, and eyes like crown jewels. He studied blue prints all day and ate caviar from a gold bowl. When the hole was very deep—even the men who dug it could not say how deep it was—padded freight cars began to come down the spur of track that led to the big mouth of the pit. From these cars were unloaded

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

In ten minutes two of the largest elephants extant would have been treading a measure on Mr. Falk's floor.

Everybody likes good music. Nearly everybody would like to play a musical instrument. And very soon everybody *will* be playing one, for *anybody* can play a Hohner Harmonica.

Twelve million music lovers, young and old, have learned to call the Hohner Harmonica "That Musical Pal of Mine." They know that there's nothing like good music for happiness, and nothing like a Hohner for good music.

Don't hum—play it on a Hohner. Get one today—50c up—and ask for the Free Instruction Book. If your dealer is out of copies, write M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 157, New York City.

If you want a musical treat ask to hear Victor Record 19421, by Borrah Minevitch.

HOHNER HARMONICAS

How to care for

Dull Hair

You cannot expect hair which is naturally devoid of lustre to look brilliant or exceptionally bright after an ordinary shampoo. You must use a shampoo that is *different*—a shampoo that *will add real beauty* to your hair—GOLDEN GLINT Shampoo. This shampoo will make your hair look so much prettier, so much more attractive, that you will just love to fuss with it. In addition to the clean freshness any good shampoo gives, it offers something unusual, something new, something more than a promise. This "something" is a secret you'll discover with your first Golden Glint Shampoo. 25c a package at toilet counters or direct. *** J. W. Kobi Co., 660 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Golden Glint SHAMPOO

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

many thousands of bags, unmarked, and full of a strange stuff. Some of the people thought it was corn meal; some said gold dust; the men who carried it down to the bottom of the hole did not know.

Meantime Elphinstone's spies gleaned a fragment of fact. It was that Falk was engaged on a new picture of great size, and that nobody but Falk knew the complete details of it. His camera men were busily shooting large scenes in Paris, Lisbon, the Congo, Siam, Russia, Mexico, Boston——

When he heard this, B. Gordon Elphinstone grinned and lit a fresh cigar. Only one thing puzzled him, and that was why Falk had stationed several thousand camera men at various points in the world, with instructions to make no scenes, but simply to be ready—to wait.

The sun rose at 6:41 that day, and at 6:45 Falk, in his cabin near the great hole, examined with interest a small electric button which had been installed on his desk the night before. Falk glanced at the watch on his weazened wrist. He smiled his odd, little, pale-lipped smile; his eyes were luminous.

A MILD sun was rising and the gray of the sky was ripening into a genial blue. From the window Falk could see the gaping brown wound his men had made in the breast of the prairie. He could see a score of camera men ranged about near the hole, their hands on the cranks.

Turning away, he spied an overlooked caviar egg in the bottom of the gold bowl, picked up the egg, dropped it down his throat. He looked at the electric button and at his watch. At seven o'clock he was going to press the button. Falk did things. Seven o'clock came.

* * * * *

Astronomers on the planet Saturn had sometimes speculated about whether a certain feeble speck of light nine hundred million miles off in the murk of the universe was inhabited.

One evening as they watched through their telescopes the speck of light suddenly went out, like a snuffed candle. It did not reappear. The astronomers puzzled over this for two or three days and then gave up. That fitful speck of light didn't make any difference anyway.

THE END

Dazzling, Money-Drunk Palm Beach

ELMER DAVIS
Photo by Nickolas Muray

Elmer Davis, author of White Pants Willie, is finding his place in literature as "the latest addition to the list of Indiana writers." Born in Aurora and graduated from Franklin College (both in the Hoosier State), he has a knowledge of the small town boy's dreams and ambitions which recalls that of another Indiana novelist, Booth Tarkington. Mr. Davis was known for many years as one of the best newspaper men in New York. Now, while still young, he has turned to writing fiction. Among other books, he is the author of Times Have Changed and the delectable I'll Show You the Town. In White Pants Willie he offers you a hero you'll fall in love with at the first meeting.

THE most bewildering spot in America, some call it. Others find it a land where dreams come true. An opulent setting for romance and adventure, in any event, this exotic, pleasure-mad colony of thrill-seekers.

Against this background you are invited to meet Willie Bascom. Willie is the most lovable youth in recent fiction. He takes a header out of his home town, which he hates, all the way down to where extravagance runs riot on the Florida sands, and what happens to him makes a gay, breath-taking story.

White Pants Willie is its whimsical title. The author is *Elmer Davis*, a master hand at the writing of fast-moving fiction. He has evolved an absorbing tale of the amazing modern boy, and the still more amazing modern girl, plunged into a succession of adventures that will make you gasp.

Humor and excitement go beguilingly hand in hand in *White Pants Willie*. It's one of the best serials we have had. Don't miss the opening installment.

In Next Week's Liberty

The RULERS *of* RUSSIA

They Curb 140,000,000 People with an Iron Hand—But Behind the Scenes Each Is Against the Others! An Account of the Bitter Struggle for Power in the Former Czarist Empire

By DONALD DAY

Moscow's historic Kremlin, heart and nerve center of Russia's bolshevik government.

Stallin, who today occupies Lenin's office in the Kremlin.

Wide World Photo.

George V. Chicherin, Russia's "stormy petrel" in various international conferences, and a member of the oligarchy which succeeded Lenin in power.

HOW long will it be before Russia attains political and economic stability—before she enters the world's markets as a purchaser upon whose integrity it will be possible to rely?

And what has happened to the bolshevists' wild dream of a world-wide revolution? Is it still fomenting in the brains of their leaders, or has it been cast aside?

These are questions which the average American business man would like to have answered. And Mr. Day, a newspaper correspondent of many years' experience, responds with as much certainty as the situation justifies.

AS THIS is written, the executive committee of the Communist Party, the real congress of Russia, is holding a session in Moscow. A battle royal is proceeding between three groups of communists. All of them see "red" as a different color and each is determined to "save the proletariat." All have different programs, and these programs are being threshed out now.

Stallin, the Georgian, today occupies Lenin's office in the Kremlin. A year of intrigues, more tangled and intense than those which disrupted the courts of the French kings preceding the French revolution, rewarded him with this post.

Chicherin, the Russian Richelieu; Dzerzhinsky, chief of the state political police (the former cheka); Kamenev, chairman of the Moscow soviet and high priest of Leninism; Zinoviev, president of the Communist International; and Kalinin, the peasant President of Russia, are the present power holders of Russia, the "Republican Party of Russia."

This group, which succeeded Lenin just as Coolidge succeeded Harding, has been carrying out the Lenin policies; that is, the policies Lenin established when he first became dictator of Russia. Lenin's "retreat from communism" to the N. E. P. (the new economic policy) was abandoned last December, a month before Lenin died. Private trade, which Lenin sanctioned, again has been abolished. Only government coöperatives and syndicates remain.

WAR COMMISSAR TROTZKY was the first definitely to voice his opposition to this group. Just before Lenin died the executive committee of the Communist Party was holding a session in Moscow. Trotzky was banished to Souchan Kali, a Caucasian town on the shores of the Black Sea.

Trotzky took his own time about leaving Moscow. First he locked himself in one of his armored trains and wrote articles for the Moscow papers and also pamphlets which he spread about Russia with the lavish extravagance of an American Congressman using the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

Photo © U. & U.

Photo © U. & U.

U. & U. Photo.

Three leading members of the group which now dominates the Communist Party and Russia. Left—Kamenev, president of the Moscow Soviet. Center—Zinoviev, president of the Communist International. Right—Dzerzhinsky, chief of the state police (the former cheka).

You can make money like this boy!

Boys!—here's your chance to make money like Chester A. Hammond. He sent the coupon—got full particulars—and went right to work selling Liberty.

The first day he began making money. Now he is so thankful for the opportunity we offered him that he has written this letter, telling us of his success. But he is only one of the thousands of boys making money and getting wonderful prizes besides, such as footballs, radios, sleds and many other valuable things.

You can do the same. Try. It is easy, clean work, right in your own neighborhood. No interference with school, play or other duties. Work in spare time—after school, one day a week—just as you please.

Show this ad to Mother and Dad. Then send the coupon. **You** can be one of the happy money-making Liberty boys!

Read how he does it!

November 8th, 1924.

Liberty Publishing Co.,
Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen:

I am now taking the opportunity to write and tell you of my success with your magazine "Liberty." I have been busy getting customers; in two days I had twenty people who were glad to know that some one would deliver their favorite magazine. One time I was more than surprised. I rapped on the door of an apartment and when a lady came I asked her if she would like to take "Liberty." She gladly said "Yes, and here, go to these people and tell them I sent you." Through this one person I received five customers. My total in two weeks amounts to thirty-five. I am proud to say that I am a Liberty salesman. I wish every boy could be one.

I have a person who wishes to help me make up a larger territory than I have undertaken. Please enroll him as a Liberty Boy Salesman and kindly notify the Distributor. He is Albert Hammond of 1615 Wells Street.

I thank you for the service.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) Chester A. Hammond.

Don't wait! Here's your opportunity for earning your spending money.

Send the coupon. We'll promptly assign you to our reliable distributor. You don't pay a cent—he supplies everything—shows you how to begin making money the very first day. Send coupon now!

Send Coupon

Liberty, Tribune Square,
Chicago, Illinois.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

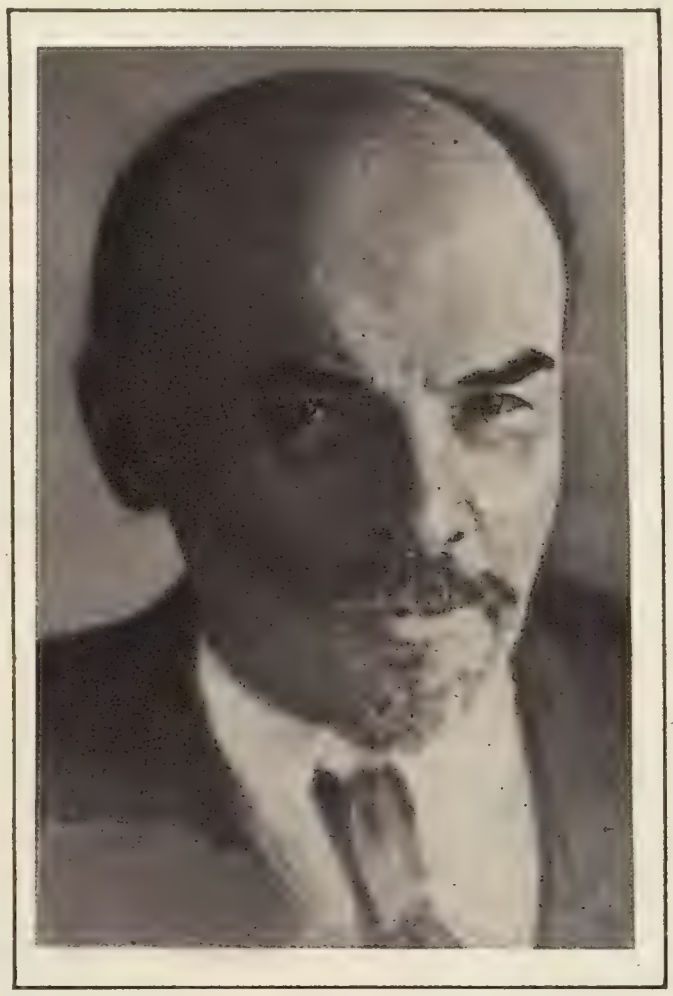
5¢ Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

franking system. From Souchan Kali Trotzky looked on Moscow just as Luther looked on Rome. He continued writing pamphlets urging that private trade should again be legalized, that foreign propaganda should be stopped and that foreign capital should be induced to help develop Russian resources.

Trotzky was not even permitted to return to Lenin's funeral. When he was finally recalled to Moscow he made his trip a speech-making campaign and spoke to hundreds of meetings of workers en route. He saw to it that his picture, which had been removed from the side of the one of Lenin in every railroad station, hall, and public building, was replaced. He strengthened his position as being the most popular man in Russia.

Trotzky is supported by Hinchuk, president of the All-Russian Union of Coöperatives; by Piatakov, president of the chief concession committee; and by a host of directors of government trusts, factories, and coöperatives. These all need foreign capital, because under inefficient bureaucratic management they are all bankrupt today.



U. & U. Photo.

International Photo.

The men who established bolshevism—Lenin, who led the bolshevists until his death, to the left, and Trotzky, leader of the Red armies during the critical first years, to the right.

The Trotzky group is the Democratic Party of Russia. While it does draw the line at the League of Nations, still it wishes to coöperate and work with Europe for the betterment of Russia's internal economic position. This group wants to permit foreign brains to come in and help where communist brains have failed, particularly in heavy industries.

Trotzky and his supporters have been recently indulging in much the same sort of a campaign as John W. Davis just finished. The "democratic communists" accuse the government of permitting bribe-taking officials to remain in office, and charge that under the present Moscow bureaucracy the country is far worse off than it ever was under the czarist régime. Trotzky has the support of the Russian workers, and he is more popular in Russia than any other commissar.

AND Russia also has her La Follette. Karl Radek, the firebrand, bushy-headed journalist, is advocating a still more stringent form of communism. He numbers his following among the lower communist officials, who all ache to take a turn at the steering wheel.

Radek's "Progressive Communist Party" wants everybody to have the same wages, same privileges, and living conditions. Commissars, they say, should not keep large apartments and have servants. Butlers especially are not to be permitted.

Radek's party urges that Russia should abandon Europe for the time being, concentrate on the Far East, and take immediate steps to assist some pliable Chinese general to form a Chinese soviet government. This preliminary work accomplished, the next item on the program is the formation of a red-yellow army which will assist Russia in the task of liberating the enslaved workers and peasants of Europe.

Very little of this "communist presidential campaign" gets into the Moscow papers. While less important meetings are given three and four pages of space, the very important session of the executive committee of the communist party is lucky if it gets a two hundred word notice from the Moscow papers. However, countries which have ambassadors in Moscow have been furnished with lengthy reports.

BUT Russian politics is of little interest to American business men, who are wondering when they will be able to clothe the Russian people, to install new machinery in the ruined Russian factories, to provide new railroad equipment, and to sell Russia the hundreds of thousands of automobiles and tractors which she needs.

The Soviet government has just finished distributing one thousand American tractors to the peasants in southern Russia and in the lower Volga regions. These districts had a crop failure this year, and the peasants are eating their horses. The Soviet government believes they will not be able to eat tractors, so the tractors have been portioned out, one to each village which is able to pay the six hundred dollars cash which is necessary. Another eight hundred dollars for each machine will be collected over a period of two years. The cash payment pays for the tractor and the later payments are profit.

The Gostorg, the government trade commissariat, has received orders for six thousand additional tractors. These will be ordered immediately in America; provided, of course, that some American bank will grant a year's credit and finance this business.

I have just cited the above incident to prove that America is not losing any business at present from having declined to recognize the bolshevik government. A prominent Soviet official, passing through Riga, informed me that Russia will purchase everything that she can afford to purchase in the United States because of the high quality, durability, and cheapness of American products.

But to show that the spirit of the world revolution still lives, it is only necessary to quote the telegram sent to the supreme council of national economy by Comrade Shaplan, commissar of agriculture of the Saratov province, after a successful demonstration of the American tractors near Saratov.

"Dear comrades," begins the telegram. "The one hundred and forty communes of the Saratov government send their greetings to their Moscow brothers. The American tractors have arrived and have been successfully demonstrated. We assure you that we will use these tractors to cultivate larger harvests so that our government will be strengthened and will be able to overthrow the hated American and world bourgeoisie. The work of the tractor has an important agitation meaning. It means the strengthening of Russia and the world revolution."

A business paper, the Moscow *Isvestia* of November 4th, publishes a dispatch revealing the pitiful condition of the peasants in the Saratov province. They are selling their live stock because they have not enough fodder to keep it during the winter and because the disorganized bolshevik railroad system cannot transport enough hay to supply their needs.

A cow can be purchased for fifteen dollars, a steer thirty dollars. Fresh meat costs one dollar and ten cents for a pood (thirty-six English pounds). The *Isvestia* reports that the government intends to purchase enough meat to supply Moscow for the winter as soon as the cold weather makes transportation possible. Russia has no refrigerating cars.

Bolshevism today has one million six hundred thousand unemployed trade unionists and two million unemployed "intelligentsia." The latter includes merchants, traders, school teachers, professors and scientists.

Bolshevism, with its cheka and its "punishing expeditions," has only been able to collect one-third of the grain tax, upon which the government depends for its main source of revenue, which is selling the grain abroad. The price of bread has increased four hundred per cent in all Russian cities during the last two months.

Bolshevism has been obliged to close thirty of the largest Russian universities and technical schools because "Russia has enough technical men and scientists and cannot give employment to any more." This is quoted from Lunacharsky's announcement in the Moscow *Pravda*.

Bolshevism is attempting to care for eight hundred thousand orphans in "children's homes which are a disgrace to the Soviet government." This is another quotation from Commissar of Education Lunacharsky's article in the Moscow *Isvestia*.

But this list can be continued indefinitely.

THE END

They Can Shoot Lover or Husband and Then Call It "Self-Defense" —If They Are Beautiful!

A Series of Impressions Received by Chicago's Best "Lady" Reporter

GENEVIEVE FORBES HERRICK

Picture by
KENNETH CAMP

WOMEN

ALL she has to do is to pull the trigger of a .38 caliber gun and make her mark, whether it be on her own husband or the other woman's. And three minutes after her name has been scribbled across the police blotter the city's newest murderess acquires a personality.

For a woman can't kill and remain "just average." Like the little girl with the curl right in the middle of her forehead, the woman who slays must swing wide the pendulum, one way or the other.

Suppose she is plain. Then she becomes, automatically, ugly, squat, greasy. She may have the ordinary number of teeth and a not bad smile. She emerges from the coroner's inquest a ravishing beauty: handsome and gorgeous.

Perhaps she works a plaintive strain into her voice. All right. Then she's wistful, helpless, feminine. Maybe they find a book of verse within two city blocks of her room. That brands her as intelligent. If the book chances to be bound in mauve, your "lady" killer becomes a mystic, a psychic.

And if she had the forethought to put on her best frock before she grabbed her gun, it's inevitable. She is christened the best dressed woman ever incarcerated in the county jail.

The formula is simple and sure.

My typewriter and I are responsible for some of its workings. For I am a "lady" reporter.

Now, a newspaper woman canNOT do anything a man can do. But she CAN loan her powder puff to these sisters who double as amateur poets and expert marksmen. She CAN pass over a comb and a lipstick to the divorcée who doesn't quite remember between the gin and the gun.

Often the "woman newspaper man" trades cosmetics for philosophies.

For no murderess worthy of her avocation would any more go to trial without a philosophy and a collection of epigrams than she would appear in court without an attorney.

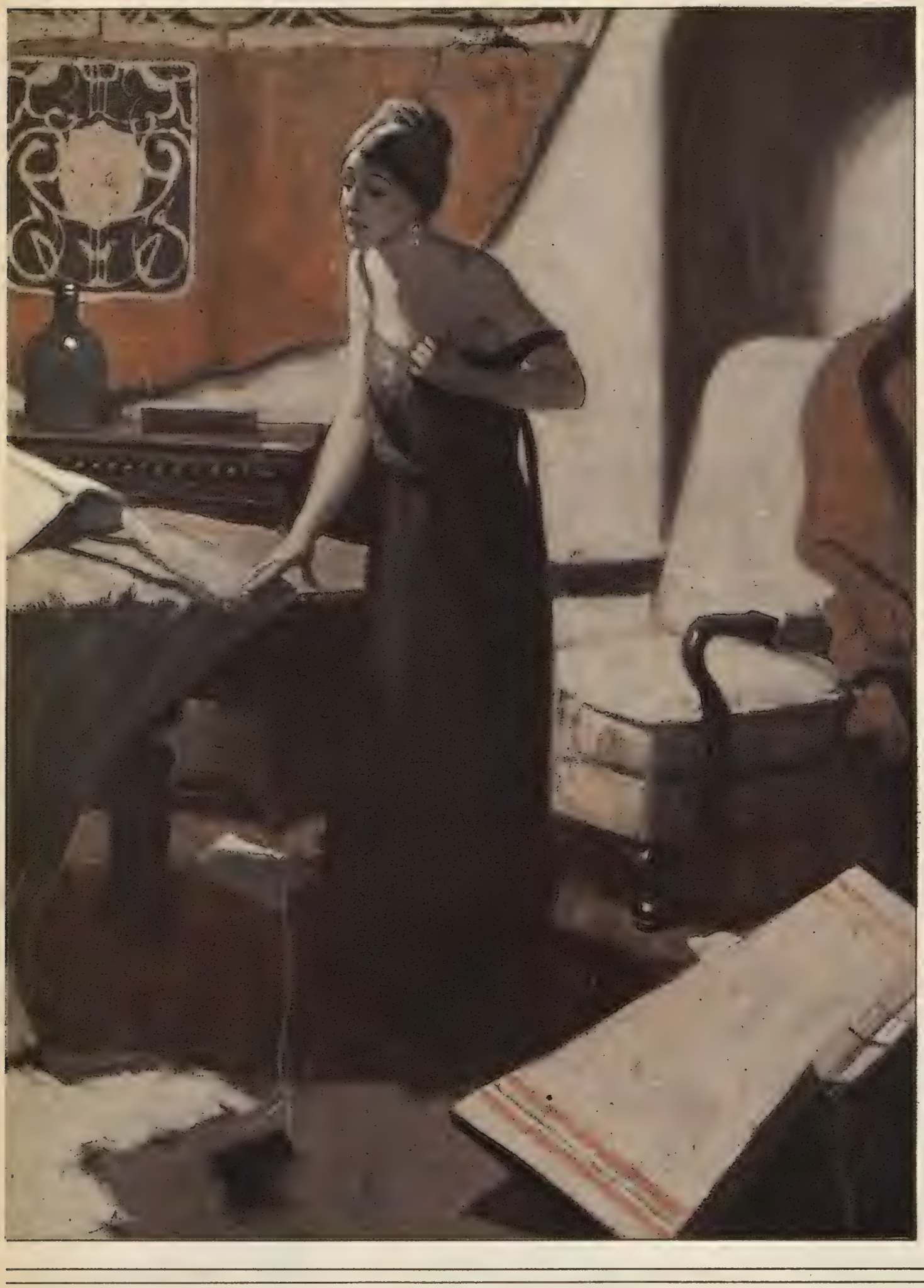
My expense account shows I've bought the makeup for a goodly number of the gun totin' sorority within the last few years. Eleven stand out prominently before me.

Three are behind the bars, wishing they had taken a course in beauty culture.

Seven got "not guilty" verdicts, and went out to buy new hats. And the case against the last one was dropped after she had been sentenced to death.

There was Kitty, the twenty-year-old bandit, who carried a gun where most girls hide their love letters. She was too busy "prowling joints" ever to join a mothers' club. But she gave herself up and risked the rope in order to see her two-year-old baby, Tootsie.

Kitty and her common-law husband confessed to the murder of the watchman who caught them with a jimmy at the back door of a factory. She sat through the trial, a sturdy figure in an imitation fur coat. Her greasy black hair a prison bob. Her face was pasty.



Who KILL

CORA, the abundantly beautiful divorcee, had no martyr complex when she shot and killed Herb, the married man whose love she feared she was losing. The explanation for her act was the cry she uttered when her lover lay dying at her feet: "I had to do it, Herb; I had to do it."

One moment she was the primitive mother, fighting for her baby, and denouncing, with an oath, "them women who'd rather have a dog than a kid." And the next she was a product of the modern underworld, with the philosophy of its women folk:

"Men may be brave as the devil, but they can't hold out the way us women can," she said. And of her husband's confession, "Say, they coulda beat hell outta me, and I wouldn't a squealed."

But Kitty's ankle was pretty thick. So they gave her life.

Then there was Lillian, the spurned wife who shot the dentist-husband she had slaved for in poorer days. She made capital out of the beauty that was middle-aged at thirty-eight.

The cheapness of her frock, when her husband made twenty-five thousand dollars a year; the rough finger tips, reminiscent of the waitress days when her earnings put her husband through school; even her drabness helped her.

Before she took the witness stand at the inquest Lillian murmured about "disgrace to be in jail"—"no cold cream"—"never hurt anyone in my life," and the insistent refrain—"hope they use my best picture."

She told her story well, and with gestures. The early struggles, her husband's increasing fame and the love for his office girl that kept pace with his rise. Of that night near Christmas when the successful dentist shouted down to his wife, mending 'neath the lamp glow:

"I'm through with darned sox; and with you, too."

Then weeks of blows, of chokings, and his eternal demand for a divorce. At last the final beating, the tussle over the gun, and the blood-stained shirt of the man she killed.

The jurors were crying as they filed out.

Lillian passed the time fingering a notebook, opened to the scribbled poem—her keynote poem, she declared:

"The rose that is sweetest and fairest
Is the bud that is killed by the frost;
And the love that is dearest and rarest
Is the true love that you have lost."

By the time she had read over the lines the jury was back. "Not guilty." Within a few days Lillian was administratrix of her dead husband's estate.

EMILY, the Ukrainian ex-school teacher who shot the priest as he prayed in his sanctuary, was a surprise to the folk over at the jail.

She demanded a dictionary instead of a powder puff. She threw down the lipstick and picked up a pencil. For she wanted to tell the world why she had killed the "bad priest."

"When I am executed they will understand." She spoke the chilly words softly.

Again and again she fought reports of alienists who declared her a paranoiac with the martyr complex.

"I want to hang," she pleaded. "Then my killing will do some good."

But they wouldn't let her hang.

And the only "lady" killer I've ever known who really killed for what she believed was a reason, and not "just because," was adjudged insane and taken away to an asylum.

But Cora, the abundantly beautiful divorcée, unemployed and a devotee of night life, had no martyr complex when she shot and killed Herb, the married man whose love she feared she was losing.

In her five thousand dollar mink wrap, in her exquisite velvet suit, with platinum and diamonds as jewelry, Cora sat on the stand and purled out theories of self-defense.

To the jury box she intoned dramatically the explanation she had given to the lover, dying in a pool of blood at her feet:

"I had to do it, Herb; I had to do it."

As she traced the story she sprang an epigram:

"Met in July, engaged in August, disillusioned in January."

The jury liked it. She gave them more.

"When I knew he was cheating, I was through."

But it was to her rival, the kissing blonde of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SYMBOL OF SAFETY
MILLER BONDS

'Now Let's Start on the Second $5,000"

When John Watson and his wife made up their minds to accumulate a little fortune $5,000 looked like a huge sum to them! Would they ever be able to save that much? But just the other evening they found they had reached their goal—$5,000 in good first mortgage bonds. "Now let's start on the second $5,000," said Mrs. Watson. "It will be easier this time, because we have $350 a year interest from our first $5,000."

Any investor who puts his money into Miller 7% First Mortgage Bonds, reinvesting his interest as it comes due, can steadily and surely build up a small or large fortune. Mail the coupon today for the helpful investment story, "How Henry Wilkinson Became Rich," which shows the power of compound interest in fortune building.

G. L. MILLER & CO., Inc.,
3901 Carbide and Carbon Bldg.,
30 East 42nd Street, New York.

Please send me, without obligation, the investment story, "How Henry Wilkinson Became Rich," and circular describing a 7% Miller First Mortgage Bond issue.

Name .....

Address .....

City and State.....

$100 Bonds; $500 Bonds; $1,000 Bonds

Interest paid twice yearly
Yield: Up to 7%

G. L. MILLER & CO. INCORPORATED

3901 Carbide and Carbon Bldg.,
30 East 42nd St., New York
Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Buffalo,
Atlanta, Memphis, Knoxville

No Investor Ever Lost a Dollar in Miller Bonds

Beauty
A Gleamy Mass of Hair

35c "Danderine" does Wonders for Any Girl's Hair

Girls! Try this! When combing and dressing your hair, just moisten your hair-brush with a little "Danderine" and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling! You can do your hair up immediately and it will appear twice as thick and heavy—a mass of gleamy hair, sparkling with life and possessing that incomparable softness, freshness and luxuriance.

While beautifying the hair "Danderine" is also toning and stimulating each single hair to grow thick, long and strong. Hair stops falling out and dandruff disappears.

Get a bottle of "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter and just see how healthy and youthful your hair appears after this delightful, refreshing dressing.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

an all-night cabaret, that she referred: not to Herb's wife and daughter sitting at home.

Cora got one bitter blow during the trial when the prosecutor shouted: "This woman didn't kill in self-defense. She killed because she was losing him. She was getting too fat."

But she wasn't too fat. The jury was out less than an hour. Cora's figure passed muster. The jury returned a "Not guilty" verdict.

Now, Tillie was certainly too fat; Tillie, the squat Polish peasant with the lumpy figure, the capacious hands, the straggly back hair.

No jugglery of words or setting could bring Tillie within the pale. At the jail, attachés considered her lack of charms, consulted precedent, and shook their heads in doubt. The omens did not promise much for Tillie.

Tillie was accused of sprinkling white powder on nice home-spread, and giving it, in succession, to a series of husbands, all of whom were insured. The husbands died. The powder was analyzed as arsenic.

The gloomy prognostications were justified.

This modern Lucretia Borgia, with the broad hips, didn't have much of a chance from the first. Her smile was a sneer which was lost on the jury. And her scowl didn't help any.

So Tillie is in the penitentiary for life, along with those others who combined the crime of murder with the stupidity of being unattractive.

I MUSTN'T forget Myna, the obliging sister, who shot and killed Mike, the "working fool" husband of Anna because he interfered, it was alleged, with the girls' affairs with their youthful lovers.

These superblondes heard witnesses tell of their all-night rendezvous with the boys. They heard about the gun held ready to "bump off" Mike for a burglar should he return early from his double shift of work.

Picking a jury in a murder trial, mused the saffron-haired duet, is like choosing a husband. It may be for life.

But it wasn't life.

"You can't spell murder differently for a blonde woman," the prosecutor challenged the jury. Twelve men listened. Then they went out and did their own spelling.

Anna collected Mike's insurance.

IT took a brutal killing to raise Sabelle, the Sicilian peasant, from the obscurity of her truck garden to headline prominence. She was charged with holding in her gnarled hands the head of her husband as her youthful lover beat out the man's brains with a hammer.

It wasn't a pretty thing to hear. Neither was Sabelle a pretty thing to see.

She acknowledged thirty-nine years and possessed forty-six. Her face was wrinkled, and crinkled, and tough. Her stubby fingers were ingrained with dirt. Her greasy hair was matted in a swirl. Her legs were stocky. Her faded blouse "hiked" up from the sagging skirt, in spite of the sturdy safety pin.

No. Sabelle's sordid fling at adventure didn't have the flavor of romance. She didn't belong in the sisterhood.

The jury was out a long time. As it filed in, nobody looked at Sabelle.

"It's a hanging," whispered a court fan. And it was.

Sabelle was the first white woman in Illinois to receive the death sentence. She went about her cell muttering darkly of Myna and Anna:

"Nice face, swell clothes, shoot

Mrs. Bianca Errazuris De Saulles, who shot and killed Jack De Saulles, ex-football star, from whom she was legally separated. The trial caused a sensation in Long Island, where the couple were well known. Public sympathy was with her from the start. International Photo.

Lillian Rowland, spurned wife of Dr. Thomas I. Rowland, a dentist. She told of working as a waitress to help him through school, and how he spurned her when success came. She was attractive in appearance on the stand, and a weeping jury set her free.

Myna Pioch, accused of helping her sister "bump off" the sister's husband, his presence having hampered a double love affair. Both women were freed.

Mrs. Cora Isabelle Orthwein, whom the jury declared "Not guilty" of the murder of Herbert P. Ziegler, her acknowledged lover, although she admitted shooting him.

Mrs. Beulah Annan—"the prettiest woman ever tried for murder in Chicago"—was found in her apartment, with a married man dead at her feet. The jury believed her claim of self-defense.

Mrs. Belva Gaertner mixed gin with gun, and Walter Law died in her sedan with a bullet in his breast. "She didn't remember," and the jury declined to convict her.

Mrs. Tillie Klimek did not possess the beauty that captivates men. And she is in the penitentiary for life, because, in addition to being a murderess, she was unattractive.

man—go home. Me do nothing. Me choke."

But Sabelle isn't going to "choke." The Supreme Court reversed the decision and remanded the case for a new trial. Six months later the state's attorney's office dropped the charge. And Sabelle is free.

I MIGHT add a word to point the moral. While the courts were discussing the law of murder, Sabelle had given heed to the superior law of beauty.

The peasant woman has learned English. Her fingers are clean and soft. She washes her hair. Her gown for the new trial was to have no safety pins. And there were to be silk stockings.

Sabelle won't win a beauty contest, even now. But she has learned about murderesses from the other girls.

And she was not too surprised when told that she was free.

Now, Beulah is the prettiest of my collection of women who have killed. One's thoughts sought a book of synonyms when it came time to describe her beauty.

They began to hurl flattering adjectives at her the day they found her in her apartment, a married man dying at her feet; bottles of gin round about, and her husband's phonograph, in the corner, jazzing out "Hula Lou, She Never Could Be True."

They kept on calling her the prettiest woman ever tried for murder, and she tried to live up to the part.

It took less than a day to pick the "beautyproof" jury.

It took less than two days for the married woman to tell her story, a story of self-defense, and for the prosecution to dare the jurors to free a pretty face.

But it took less than two hours for that jury to believe Beulah's story, and to seal it with a "Not guilty" verdict.

And in one of the quickest trials on record Beulah proved once more that a beautiful woman can pile a broken Fifth Commandment on top of a twisted Sixth Commandment—and call it self-defense!

Besides these there are several other instances of women outside of Chicago whose personality saved them from paying the penalty assigned to murder.

There was Mrs. Bianca De Saulles, a beautiful South American, who was acquitted of the murder of her husband, John L. De Saulles, famous at Yale as a football player, and prominent in Long Island society.

The De Saulleses had been legally separated. The custody of their small boy was to alternate. When the boy was not brought to her at the appointed time Mrs. De Saulles telephoned, whereupon her husband told her that she would never have the child in her custody again. She sought to get the boy and met her husband. She said his attitude suggested that he was about to strike her and she fired.

She was acquitted.

Woman's personality again.

And, finally, there was Belva Gaertner, who had a fondness for gin as well as for carrying a gun in her handbag. Divorced from her husband, she had no scruples about driving around with other men and one nice evening, after a round of various cafés and numerous cocktails, there was a dead man in the sedan with her, a bullet having been fired at close range into his breast.

The state's attorney tried to convince the jury that it must have been the fair Belva who shot him, but the jury listened to the frantic, hysterical cry from the prisoner's dock: "I don't remember, I don't remember!" And to all questions as to what had happened after she and Walter Law had left the last café and she had driven off in her closed car, she only replied: "I don't remember!"

THE jurors pricked up their ears when the prisoner's age was mentioned: "About thirty-eight years," and turned for another good look at the slim, youthful-looking creature who never had looked prettier in her life. And when they returned, the verdict was a foregone conclusion.

A few minutes after the "Not guilty" had been pronounced, fair Belva went over to the jail to get her elaborate wardrobe, and to prepare for a trip to Europe, with her divorced husband, to "forget."

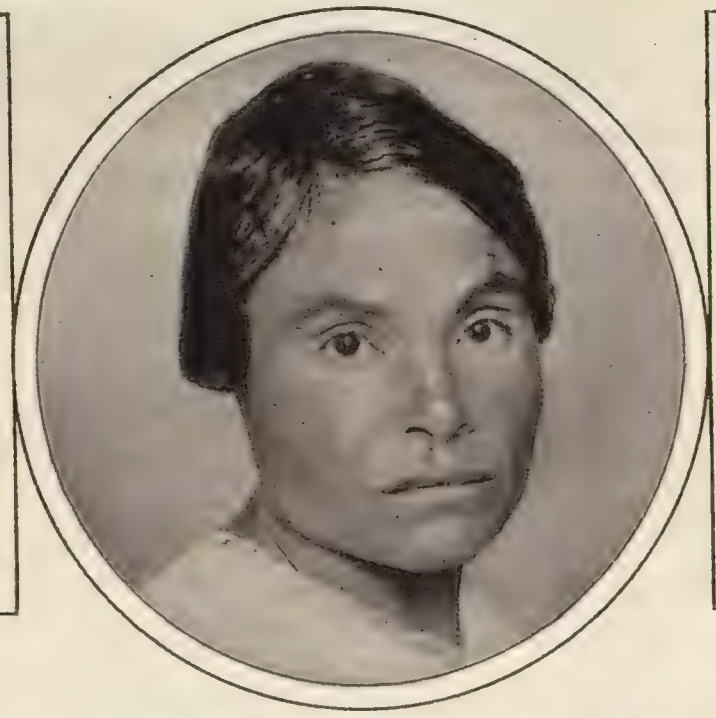
But there's one who won't forget: Mrs. Freda Law, widow of the slain man, who half fainted when the verdict was read and who crept away to weep in the arms of her sister: "There's no justice in Illinois! No justice! Walter paid, why shouldn't she?"

And the state's attorney's laconic comment was: "Women—just women!"

Which is about as good a reason as any.

THE END

Kitty Malm used to carry an automatic where other girls carry their powder puffs. She confessed having helped kill a watchman. And because her ankles were not slim, she, too, received a life sentence.



Mrs. Sabelle Nitti Crudelle is not exactly a beauty, and a jury disliked her so much that they found her guilty and she was sentenced to be hanged. But—the Supreme Court reversed the verdict, and now she is free.

Mrs. Emily Struinsky, wife of a deposed Greek orthodox priest, killed his successor and then insisted on telling the world why she did it. She wanted to be hanged, but alienists called her insane and she is in an asylum.

CUTHBERT'S DESERT

Fog and Shipwreck; Bootleggers, Goats, and a Pretty Girl in a Torn Bathing Suit. You Will Discover Them All in This Hilarious Tale of Adventure

Pictures by ERNEST FUHR

"Come here and get me out of this," she

I.

WHEN Cuthbert was eight this work-aday world, overflowing with schools and chores, occasionally complicated with green apples and castor oil, became a place of mystery and wonder to him.

Therein existed lashing seas, wrecks, tropic islands, fantastic experience, gorgeous adventure—things of which he had never dreamed—why, this dull planet was a place where anything might happen!

All of this because he read Robinson Crusoe.

His cherished plans of becoming a motorman on a street car, or, at least, a banker, passed, disregarded, into oblivion. His heart's desire was to be cast away on an island.

He meant to have his island entirely to himself, but on a certain wondrous day, when he was twelve, he saw a motion picture which caused him to suspect there were angles to the matter he had not carefully considered.

The picture was called Cast Away, and it was, of all things, about a desert island.

The hero was not cast away alone. With him was a beautiful young lady. Her eyes were—well, they just looked right through one—and her arms and—she wore a short grass skirt—and—well—anyhow, she was beautiful!

There resulted an immediate revision of the desert island story, the character of Friday being replaced by a bewitching blonde. This version remained current until adolescence overtook Cuthbert.

He passed from high to prep—later to college, became mature; browsed on Addison; experimented with a pipe—but for four years he lived a double life. By day a student of importance, quite a figure on the campus; by night a child who played desert island and loved it.

At the close of his senior year his father thought he looked rather pale. Fosdick thought so, too. Fosdick was his father's partner. In their opinion Cuthbert had been overworked. They looked him over and decided he ought to take a long vacation.

Fosdick had a camp on the Maine coast. He was about to join his family there, and invited Cuthbert to come along.

The family were all on the little dock to greet them as they disembarked from Fosdick's yacht. The Fosdick mother was ample, smiling, comfortable. Bill was a huge young savage, just out of Harvard. Tom was almost as old and a little larger. Then came Phyllis. Cuthbert was presented to her, and things began to happen.

His speech had always been considered fluent, but he instantaneously developed a pronounced vocal impediment. Then there was the sudden sensitiveness of his skin, his face burned furiously. It was unaccountable!

For two days Cuthbert hung about in the vicinity of Phyllis, wrapt in adoration. He was never far enough away to lose sight of her, but he never ventured near enough to be decoyed into speech. He knew if he tried to talk to her he would immediately betray his vacuous imbecility and complete unworthiness.

During these two days Phyllis patiently waited to be overtaken by the pursuing male. The morning of the third day she let exas-

ISLAND

By Mark E. Swan

commanded. "The darn thing fell on me."

peration conquer propriety—sallied forth and took him captive. She led him about the place until she had exhibited her conquest to all the Fosdick folk.

After that he had rather a busy day, the events including golf, tennis, bathing, and tipping over in a canoe. The closing exercise was a three mile hike—they walked through the pines, coming out on a headland above the cliff which overhung the beach.

On the horizon was a dark blue smudge. It was at least two leagues off shore, and might have easily been mistaken for a cloud. Phyllis pointed it out.

"That's an island," she announced, "a desert island."

A desert island! Ancient memories, old dreams floated through Cuthbert's mind. He stared at the smudge with deep interest. Phyllis chattered on.

"A man named Hawkins lived there once, but it was too lonesome. It's called Goat Island. He left some goats out there."

ON a certain day in July the tide was high long before noon, and morning bathing was in order. Cuthbert, ready at the appointed time, waited for Phyllis.

Presently she came, clad in a fetching bathing dress which would have shocked her sainted grandmother—and they followed the others toward the beach.

In the inlet, moored to the dock, they came upon her motor boat. It suddenly occurred to Phyllis it would be thrilling to go out in the bay and dive off the boat in deep water.

"It's a cockleshell," Cuthbert objected. "It'll tip over if you sneeze."

Phyllis regarded him scornfully.

"You don't need to come if you're afraid," she said. "I'll go by myself."

THERE was nothing Cuthbert feared so much as being thought afraid.

"Come on," he said, "let's go."

They clambered into the boat, cast off, and headed out of the inlet past the dock into the bay. The family were disporting themselves on the beach, and the voice of Bill boomed over the water like a fog horn.

"Come back here, you little simp," he commanded. "Don't you see there's a fog rising?"

Phyllis deigned no reply—defiantly heading for the open water.

Ten minutes later, a white wizardry of mist swept down upon them, blotting out the land, the sky, the sea. The chill of it cut through their bathing suits which had been so comfortable while the sun shone.

"Here's old John W. Fog himself and all his children," Phyllis shouted cheerily as the bow of the boat swung toward the land.

But they had not gone a hundred yards when the progress of the boat was checked, ceased.

"Darn that engine," complained Phyllis. "Hold her bow toward shore while I get it going."

Knowing nothing about a gasoline engine, Cuthbert took charge of the tiller as directed, but Phyllis seemed unable to start the motor.

For some time she would not admit this. She primed and cranked, now and then humming a fragment of song or abusing the stubborn mechanism with considerable venom. But when half an hour passed, her song grew fainter, died away, the bravado of her laughter was muted.

"Well, the joke's on me," she said. "It won't turn over."

"Don't worry," said Cuthbert. "Bill knew there was a fog coming. There'll be a boat out here from the yacht to pick us up. It may be near us now. I'll give them a hail." He shouted as loudly as he could.

As if in answer a dull sound came faintly over the water. Ho-oot! Ho-oo-ot!! It was the whistle of the yacht, moored at the dock. It was away astern. Listening closely they fancied they heard the drone of a motor, also far back in their wake. They shouted again—but the silence was broken no more.

Both knew what had happened. The tide had turned. The water about them was sleek and oily, but they were in the grip of a strong current—they might be carried far out to sea! The girl's lips were pressed tightly together, but tears began to trickle down her cheeks.

"What shall we do?" she quavered.

Cuthbert grew desperate. He must do some-

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thing. He looked about the boat until he discovered the monkey wrench with which Phyllis had been working on the engine. Near the bow was a seat, a board not quite three feet long—a little over a foot wide. He pounded at this until he tore it loose, then split it into two pieces. These made poor substitutes for paddles but were their only hope. He took one, she the other and, guessing at the direction of the shore, they began to fight the current.

Several hours later the paddle dropped from the girl's hand and floated astern. She gave one deep sob and crumpled in the bottom of the boat. Cuthbert did not turn to her. He grimly struggled on alone. He said to himself over and over:

"I must not give up—I must not quit!"

After a time he noticed a swell in the water. Long menacing rollers weltered about them. At the same time a sound—faint, but unmistakable—drifted across the water—the sound of surf. With his last remaining ounce of strength Cuthbert headed the boat in the direction of that unknown shore. He worked with frantic energy—he gained, foot by foot—every moment he could hear the breakers more clearly.

Then of a sudden the boat was in among them—dancing like a mad thing—whirling in circles—poising for a moment on a foam-capped wave crest—sliding down in a welter of spume—half water-logged, almost ready to sink. Cuthbert dropped his paddle and staggered to Phyllis. He roused her. She clung to him, tightly. In spite of their peril, and his deadly weariness, this made him glad.

A HUGE wave caught the boat fairly and hurled it straight at the beach. It was shivered—smashed. They were thrown in the water. They were struggling—he was holding her. They were in the undertow—she was being dragged away from him by the undertow! He held her with all his strength, but the clutch was too powerful. They were drawn back—down. Buffeted, beaten, still he kept his hold on her. Somehow he fought to the surface. A breath of air reached his tortured lungs. And he still held her! The crest of the next comber caught them, and flung them far up on the shore.

Before the undertow could seize them again, he dragged the girl out of its reach.

"We're safe," he panted, "we're safe!" Phyllis did not answer. Her eyes were closed. On her forehead was a red stain—a trickle of blood. He knelt beside her—called to her frantically!

Then something clutched him at the pit of the stomach. He was cold. He had never been so cold. He dashed his hand across his clammy forehead, tried to rally his energies, but he knew he must lie down or something dreadful would happen. He crumpled to his knees, surrounded by a whirling nebula. Then, for a while, he knew nothing.

He opened his eyes on a world flooded with afternoon sunshine. He was lying in the soft warm sand of a white beach. There was no fog. Someone was calling him, calling his name. At first the voice sounded far away, then nearer, close.

"Cuthbert—Cuthbert!"

"We're on Goat Island," someone was saying. It must be Phyllis. "We're on Goat Island." Dimly he heard—earnestly strove to comprehend. "We're on Goat Island—nobody

He crept behind it and swung his club aloft for the fatal blow—then there was an earthquake!

lives here—it's ten miles from the mainland. We're on a desert island."

Wrecked on a desert island! But, of course, it was a dream. He would awaken presently and be ashamed. Still there was reality about it. Phyllis was clutching his arm. It hurt. He pinched himself. That hurt, too. The motor boat lay near him smashed and shivered by the surf.

His brain cleared. He was awake. The thing was true! All his life he had waited for this great moment, and it had come!

II.

EVERYTHING was familiar; he had seen it many times. The stretch of beach with breakers pounding at his feet; the horizon, hidden by a haze; a forest, deep, mysterious, growing close to the shore . . .

He knew all that was going to happen. He knew just what to do—he had done it often. Phyllis was in his care. Before nightfall she must have food and shelter. He would provide them. She was probably parched with thirst. He was thirsty himself. She must have water first.

Her voice broke in on his thought, checking his flow of high resolve.

"My goodness, I'm a sight, aren't I? Give me a pin."

"A pin?" he echoed, blankly. There was something incongruous in her request. Here he was dedicating his whole being to her service—and she wanted a pin. It was not his habit to hang a pin cushion around his neck when he went bathing. He turned toward her, and for the first time since they came ashore he saw her, clearly, distinctly. He gasped and averted his eyes. He understood why she wanted a pin.

Her most urgent need was clothes. Some kind of clothes. Any kind. The bathing suit he so admired had been ripped to tatters in their battle with the surf. It was—all—well, it simply wasn't going to last—not long.

"Darn the thing!" she snapped, and then, rather pettishly, to him, "For Heaven's sake, help me tie this thing together."

With fumbling fingers, Cuthbert helped her tie knots, mend rents, make stronger the threatening strap, and throughout she was quite cool and most practical, giving him necessary directions in speech that bore no trace of embarrassment, enduring the occasional touch of his clumsy hands without the slightest indication of a shock to her modesty.

When they had done she contemplated the results. They were not promising—distinctly otherwise.

"It looks like the dickens, and I'm afraid to sit down," she remarked, casually. "I hope it will hold together, but——" She paused and began to giggle. He could see no cause for amusement. Her plight was distressing—at least, to him. She went on laughing and began to fix her hair.

Cuthbert left her and went to search for the clear, cold spring castaways always found on their arrival. Every desert island was equipped with one, but on this island it seemed to be carefully concealed.

"Cuthbert!" came a faint, faraway call. "Cuthbert—yoo-hoo!" Perhaps something had happened!

He ran as fast as his weary legs would carry him.

She was quite safe. And she had found the spring where it bubbled from beneath a rock. They made cups of their hands, drank and drank. It rather wounded his pride that she, not he, had found water. Of course, it was accidental. But perhaps it was just as well. There would be a great deal to do. She might be a little help to him, after all.

There was nothing, evidently, on the beach to eat; he must go into the woods for food. He began to wish he had shoes. Briars and thorns cut his feet. And the mosquitoes were annoying, pestiferous. No castaway, in his memory, had mentioned mosquitoes.

However, there was no food. No berries, no fruits—not even a mushroom.

He dragged himself toward the shore empty handed, where Phyllis greeted him joyously.

"See what I found!" She had some crabs, and there was a pile of clams on the sand. "Found 'em up here on the mud flats," she informed him, waving her hand. She had berries, too. A feeling of shame came over him that Phyllis had been compelled to find food for herself.

By this time the sun was very low. They must have a place to sleep. This was a delicate business, full of potential embarrassment. At the foot of the cliff very near was a little cave. They packed the grotto full of soft moss. Phyllis contemplated it with an air of complacent expectancy.

"There we are," she said.

"It's only large enough for one," he pointed out. "I'll build a shelter on the sand."

"I'm tired," she muttered, wearily. She evidently considered further toil unnecessary. He stolidly went about the business alone, and presently she joined him. If it contented him she would indulge him.

AT least he could build a shelter; he had often done it in the dim past. Two upright branches forked at the top, another branch laid across them, boughs leaned against this. An absurdly simple matter. He gathered the branches; she fetched moss; and at dusk the edifice was completed. It looked inviting. Cuthbert's eyes were drowned with weariness.

"Will you take this, or do you prefer the cave?" he yawned. She chose the shelter; he betook himself to his own place and sprawled comfortably. A sense of luxurious ease came over him.

His eyes were closing when a squeal of anger startled him. He sat up, startled. The shelter was an agitated mass of boughs and branches. Phyllis was not to be seen. He called her loudly.

"Phyllis! Phyllis!" She thrust her head from beneath a tangle of brush.

"Come here and get me out of this," she commanded. "The darn thing fell on me."

Cuthbert rebuilt the shelter more securely, Phyllis' attitude being distinctly unfriendly. She calmly went to his abandoned grotto and took undisputed possession, leaving him to meet his problems alone. It was quite dark when he fell asleep, the flicker of their fire the last thing he remembered.

When Cuthbert awakened it was broad daylight. He lay drowsily stretching himself. There were birds singing in the woods above. The pungent smell of the smoldering fire made him think dimly of breakfast. There was a pleasant sensation of warmth about him which at first he could not define. Then he discovered something on his shoulder. It was a hand. A small, brown hand. He turned his head. Phyllis was beside him, cuddled against his back. Asleep! Comfortable! His movement of surprise awakened her. She calmly sat up and began to rearrange her hair.

"When," he stammered, "why——"

"The tide moved into the cave and I moved out," she explained. "I couldn't sleep under water. And it was dark. I had no place else to go."

She evidently considered this particular incident closed.

The day was cloudy; rain threatened. There was no sign of a rescuing boat, nor could they see the mainland. The question of food recurred constantly to Cuthbert. Goat flesh would be nourishing. And there were goats on the island.

He found a heavy club and began to stalk his prey. He caught sight of them in the meadow and stole upon them, tingling with the ardor of the chase. Nearer and nearer, dragging the club behind him. He selected his victim—slowly approached. It seemed such a gentle, kind creature, he almost pitied it.

He crept behind it and swung his club aloft for the fatal blow—then there was an earthquake!

As he rolled over and over he dropped his weapon. Before he could gather his scattered senses something struck him from behind—a cowardly blow. He fell, rose, his hands touched a low hanging branch. He climbed a tree just as an enraged goat catapulted beneath him like a battering ram. This goat was not a kindly animal. He was shaggy, implacable. The feminine members of his flock fled into the underbrush, but the defender remained, hurling defiance in blatant tones. He dared Cuthbert to come down.

Assistance came from an unexpected quarter. Phyllis came through the underbrush, calling Cuthbert. He was ashamed to answer, but she saw him—and laughed and laughed. He warned her away, but she came toward them as the goat turned to consider this new intruder.

"Shoo!" she shouted. "Shoo!" The goat faced her uncertainly, tossing his head, switching his tail, stamping. She picked up a rock; threw it. To his astonishment, and Cuthbert's, the missile hit the goat squarely on the nose.

"Shoo!" she cried. "Shoo!" and the goat went away.

Cuthbert left the sheltering tree oppressed with shame. He was uncomfortable, too, and he had a toothache, one of the results of William's assault. He idly wondered if the Swiss Family Robinson had teeth, although he never remembered reading that they ached. How did Robinson Crusoe get along without a dentist?

"I've an idea," said Phyllis. "When Hawkins lived on the island he had a house. Let's find it."

III.

THEY set out to explore the island. Then it began to rain. Soon their bathing suits were drenched, clammy; although it was July, a cold wind blew. During the last mile Phyllis wept a little. Cuthbert slipped his arm about her. She clung to him. It was delightful, of course, her nearness, but he noticed the weight. His tooth ached monotonously, persistently. He bore it in dogged silence. At least he would not whine.

But suddenly all the romance went out of desert islands. He knew he would never dream of one again.

Then they found the house. It was an old-fashioned building, deserted, long since fallen to decay, but at least it was a shelter. They advanced to the door, which swung open at a touch, the ancient hinges complaining.

They found themselves in a cobwebbed hallway at the end of which was a closed door. Cautiously opening this they entered an old kitchen. There was an old table and rude chairs; all about were piles of bottles and barrels from which arose a strange odor. In the fireplace embers smoldered and in a kettle hung

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upon a crane was a stew still warm—savory.

"Somebody lives in the Hawkins house," said Phyllis.

They shouted, then called outside; but no one answered. They returned to the room and dried themselves and then made bold to borrow a dinner of stew from their unknown hosts. The meat was new to both, tasting something like mutton.

"It's goat," decided Phyllis.

Goat! Cuthbert ate each morsel with vindictive voracity.

Presently they heard voices. Cuthbert peered through the window. Outside were four men, unshaven, dirty, disreputable. As Cuthbert caught sight of them they finished draining a bottle, threw it aside and burst into maudlin laughter. He could see they were not the sort to ask for shelter for a girl.

He darted back to Phyllis, seized her hand, led her into the hallway.

"Come, quick!" he said. "We'll have to get away before they see us."

"Ss-h," she cautioned, "they'll hear you."

There was no escape by the door which they had entered. The men had separated—one of them was lounging near, smoking, talking stupidly to himself. Cuthbert wanted to rush by him—but Phyllis drew him back.

"He'd call the others," she warned, "they'd follow us. Wait till he's out of sight."

The man turned toward the house, and walked in the direction of the doorway. At the same time could be heard the voices of his companions in the rooms Phyllis and Cuthbert had just left. To avoid being seen they must retreat up the stairway to the next floor—and this they did, afraid the creaking of the steps would betray them.

Huddled close together they listened. Scraps of conversation drifted up—not reassuring.

"Joe Hefton says bring him a keg next Thursday—he'll pay cash. . . . 'I sez to the old gal,' sez I, 'you won't get no coin outta me.'" Then followed other remarks, ribald and obscene.

THE man whose presence had prevented the intruders' escape was lounging in the doorway, at the foot of the stairs. He was counting greasy money. Suddenly a yell of surprise sounded from the rear room, followed by a medley of voices, oaths, and slamming of doors.

One of the men came lurching into the hallway and joined his mate at the door.

"There's been a gal here," he shouted. "She was barefooted—there's the print of her wet foot on the kitchen floor. Slim says there's two of 'em. See anything of 'em—huh?"

"Aint seen nobody pass this way." And then a happy thought . . . "mebbe they're still here." Both men laughed. "No use in 'em goin' back tonight, is they?" They laughed, again. "Let's look for 'em." They were joined by the other two who had made a search of the back of the old house and reported no progress.

"Slim, you an' Chucky keep watch outdoors—we'll look upstairs."

Two of the men went outside. Cuthbert could hear their footsteps as they threshed around the tall grass, one each side of the house. Then heavy footsteps began to clump up the stairway.

Cuthbert silently pointed to a ladder into an attic. Phyllis went first. He followed closely. When he reached the attic floor he pulled the ladder up after him—laid it on the floor.

They watched through the trap a moment—the two men were rambling from room to room. Cuthbert looked about for a weapon, a club, an old stool, anything. When the absence of the ladder was discovered he would need it.

Rays of light came through a small window at the back. Cuthbert crept to it, cautiously pushed open the shutter, looked out. Three feet below was a roof—slanting but not impassable. It was a chance—better to take a risk than be trapped helpless in the attic.

He slipped out of the window on the roof. Phyllis followed. Silently they made their way to the edge and looked over. It was twelve feet to the ground. A man was just beneath them.

Cuthbert leaped—his feet landed squarely on the back of the fellow below, who dropped huddled on the ground. Cuthbert rolled over, picked himself up and set himself for defense, but the man lay still.

Phyllis swung herself over the edge by her hands, a risky business. Cuthbert standing on the cover of the rain-barrel caught her, lifted her safely to the ground.

INSIDE the house the clamor of voices warned them the ladder was missed.

"Hurry," whispered Phyllis, "hurry." They dashed toward the back of the house—as they reached it they ran squarely into the fourth man. He was huge—aggressive. He shouted and struck at Cuthbert a wicked blow. Cuthbert dodged.

In a stand-up fight he would be beaten; the noise would summon the others. Cuthbert had played football for years, and in desperation he tackled the huge man—tackled low.

For a second they rolled on the ground—Cuthbert striving to rise—his opponent trying to grasp him. Cuthbert was quicker than the larger man; he rose, then as the other was rising, put all his strength in one blow and hit

Then, as the men leaped out of the wagon beside them, he began to fight.

him in the pit of the stomach. The man grunted, and sat down. Then Cuthbert and Phyllis ran. Out of the inclosure, down the long unused road, by meadows, by a stretch of wood, breathless, hearts pounding, but free. When there was no sign of pursuit they slackened their pace. They had gone a mile when they came to a place where the road passed through a cutting. Walls of rock and earth rose almost sheer to a height of thirty feet. They hurried through this. If they were followed, they planned to slip off the road into the woods and dodge pursuit. It would be difficult to leave the road here.

As they reached a sharp curve in the road they were confronted by three men who looked to be seamen or laborers. They were in a wagon drawn by a sturdy team. Undoubtedly these were boon companions of the ruffians they had just escaped.

When the men saw Cuthbert and Phyllis they began to shout, to laugh, to call to them. They whipped up the team and rumbled toward them. There was no escape. Flight? They would be overtaken. They could not scale the rock walls at the roadside.

Cuthbert turned to Phyllis; seized her in his arms.

"Remember," he said, unexpectedly, "remember always I love you."

Then, as the men leaped out of the wagon beside them, he began to fight.

It was hopeless, he knew that. He would be beaten, horribly beaten; disfigured, if not killed, he knew that, too, but he must fight. He gave the men no time to think, to talk, to do anything but defend themselves. He fought.

At first they seemed paralyzed with astonishment at his audacity, his courage; they made little effort to return his blows; tried to hold him; shouted at him—but he was upon them with sticks and stones, with his bare hands, with his feet, with his head, a whirlwind of pugnacity.

Phyllis was calling to him—he would not turn his head; he would not let even her danger distract him from his duty. He fought on.

Presently he was struck, heavily, on the body, in the face. He was bleeding in a dozen places, half blind, bitterly hurt, yet unconquered.

Then something crashed down on his head. He dropped, sobbing, beaten. The last thing he heard was laughter. They had Phyllis. They were laughing hideously in triumph.

LONG afterward someone was lifting him out of a wagon. The world reeled about him, but he struggled to his feet; broke the hold on him. He could fight a little more. He peered through puffed eyelids, trying to see his enemies.

He saw them. They were talking to Mr. Fosdick and his wife. They complained bitterly of injuries. Fosdick gave them money.

He was back at the Fosdick camp. Amazing! Someone held his hands. His father! Someone was embracing him. His mother! His mother was crying. She said incomprehensible things about his being drowned. His father tried to make him understand about a special train—a wild dash in a car. It was all very odd.

Bill and Tom were there, too. They were talking to Phyllis! Phyllis alive, unhurt. He broke from his father and mother—staggered toward her. His joy was choking him; she was safe; he had saved her! She laughed at him.

"You silly thing," she said, and every word was a whiplash, "why didn't you listen to me? These men were looking for us—I know them. And we weren't on Goat Island. We were on Halley's Point, eight miles away. We could have walked home yesterday."

At that everyone laughed.

Cuthbert had thought to be a hero—he was a ridiculous ass. The world turned black. They led him in.

After they dressed his wounds he sat on the wide veranda, alone. He would always be alone. And he would always loathe islands. Meanwhile the world was a ghastly joke.

Someone in fluffy white stole along the veranda, paused near him, and spoke to him.

"I'm awful," remarked this apparition. "You're the bravest boy in the world. I'll never forget how you fought. Daddy says you saved us from being swept out to sea. Tom and Bill are crazy about you. It was my fault we thought we were on the island. When I laughed I didn't mean to be unkind. I think you're wonderful. Please forgive me!" . . .

His tired brain seemed incapable of intelligent effort, but he received the impression that someone was sitting on his knee—someone whose cool cheek was against his, whose arm was about his neck. He had a vague idea it might be Phyllis. When two warm lips were pressed to his own he was sure of it.

She was speaking again. He must listen—try to understand.

"Your father and daddy are going to take you in the office. They say you'll be a partner in no time." She gave him an ecstatic little hug. "Mother says just as soon as I'm through college we can be married."

He accepted this great gift silently, humbly, as he had always accepted everything from her, as he would always accept.

"And what do you think they're going to give us for a wedding present? They're going to buy—us—Goat Island! Why, Cuthbert!"

THE END

The Sheiks of the

By MARGUERITE E. HARRISON

Pictures by Author and
ERNEST B. SCHOEDSACK

Here they are—typical desert sheiks, hot from the sands! Do they appear romantic?

The Bitter Truth!

THERE are sheiks and sheiks—of many kinds—and lately the American public has been almost surfeited with plays, moving pictures, and books about the sheiks of the desert. Invariably the desert sheik has been portrayed as a man of intensely romantic nature, who revels in glamour, and whose thoughts are those of wealth and love.

Now we get a revealing light upon the sheik from one who knows—Mrs. Marguerite E. Harrison of New York. Mrs. Harrison has traveled in a great many out of the way and interesting corners of the globe, and has had some amazing adventures, which she has brought back in vividly told, colorful articles. Several years ago Mrs. Harrison spent some months in a Bolshevik prison in Russia. For the last year she has been exploring a very different part of the world: Turkey, Persia, and the Near East. This experience enables Mrs. Harrison to portray the sheik exactly as he is. You'll weep or cheer—depending on your sex—when you read her sprightly account.

THE unromantic sheik! That is exactly what he is, popular opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. The alluring nomad of the screen, clad in spotless white, with flowing burnoose, jeweled scimitar, a honeyed voice, and a hypnotic eye, is a myth, pure and simple. He doesn't exist except in the movies. I know, because I have spent the better part of a year consorting with sheiks in the deserts of Persia and Arabia.

Of course there are real potentates among the thousands of tribal chiefs in northern Africa and western Asia, but none of them comes up to our ideas of what a sheik should be, and, as for the average sheik, a Fifth Avenue traffic policeman is far more imposing.

When I got back to New York a short time ago from the Near East I was at first bewildered, then amused, by the questions put by my women acquaintances about sheiks in general and sheiks I had known in particular.

It began with Jane. The day after I landed I ran into her on Broadway. Jane is one of my best friends, and I hadn't seen her for many moons; so, after exchanging rapturous greetings, we repaired to a near-by tearoom for a good old-fashioned talk.

"Now, I want to hear all about your trip," she said eagerly, after I had satisfied a long-suppressed desire for iced tea and peach ice cream, "but, first of all, tell me this—did you have an affair with a sheik?"

"What do you mean?" I gasped.

"Don't be so shocked, my dear. Of course you did! All sheiks are crazy about western women. There was that pretty Englishwoman who traveled in the Sahara. They say she had several sheiks wild about her."

It took me some time to convince Jane that there is about as much resemblance between the real sheik and his prototype of the movies as there is between Harry Wills and Rudolph Valentino, and I am not sure that she hasn't some lingering doubts as to my veracity. Since

Here's the high-class kind! Mrs. Harrison is chatting with Ali Haidar Pasha (left), Sherif of Mecca, and his son, Prince Abdul Medjid.

Desert Grow Cold

Have the Movies Foisted a Fable —Or Is the Romance There, Beneath the Dirt? Here's the Truth About These Mystic Oriental Chieftains from an Observant World Traveler!

These chaps keep the sheiks in order — sometimes. They are Irak desert police.

Mrs. Marguerite E. Harrison, who gives us the benefit of her experience among sheiks.

then four out of every five women I have met have asked me the same question—discreetly, if they belonged to the past generation; quite frankly, if they were of the flapper age. Some of them had heard of Rosita Forbes, some had got no further than the works of Robert Hitchens and E. M. Hull; but they all firmly believed that an Anglo-Saxon woman had only to travel in the deserts of Arabia or Morocco to have all the sheiks of the aforesaid regions literally and figuratively at her feet. I hated to disillusion them and at the same time to acknowledge that my personality had made no impression whatever on the denizens of Arabia and Persia, but, as a matter of fact, one of my first experiences with the desert tribes was most enlightening, if rather mortifying.

It was in Arabistan, where I and my two traveling companions, Cooper and Schoedsack, were the guests of the chief of a Bakhtiari tribe with whom we migrated from their winter quarters near the Persian Gulf to their summer home on the Ispahan Plateau, across three mountain ranges a hundred and fifty miles away.

ONE day when I was out riding with our host, Haidar Khan, we stopped at the black goat hair tent of the chief of another tribe for a bowl of sour milk. The sheik and his two wives came out to greet us, and we soon collected a crowd of tribespeople, none of whom had ever seen a European woman before. They gathered round and watched me dismount, staring curiously. The sheik, in particular, surveyed me with a most puzzled expression. Finally he turned to his first wife.

"What is it?" he asked, pointing at me. Parenthetically, I should explain that I was wearing a corduroy suit, with riding breeches and a soft felt hat.

"It's a man," she answered promptly.

"No, it isn't," put in one of the younger chiefs; "it's a woman." And they disputed for some minutes. They were not convinced that I was really a woman until I pulled off my hat and showed them my hair. Then the sheik's wife invited me into her tent; but she and her husband continued to look at me as if I were some freak of nature.

The Arab and Persian tribal chiefs, indeed, most Orientals, even when they are more sophisticated, are not in the least attracted by European women. In the first place, among the stricter Mohammedans, especially the Shia sect, to which many desert tribes belong, all Christians are regarded as unclean.

When we were entertained in their tents, often with lavish hospitality, we sat apart at meal times and our food was served to us on separate dishes. When we all ate together at a table I was always invited to sit with the men, and they accepted me quite on an equal footing with themselves.

Love and romance play little part in the life of the desert sheik. To the nomad chief his horses come first, his sons next, and his wives third. No woman among the tribes is ever of any importance until she is the mother of grown sons, and wives are bought and paid for with the same nice appreciation of points and conformation that an expert horseman displays in picking out a first-class hunter.

In the desert the women are jealously guarded, but for the same reasons as the highly pedigreed brood mares and female camels. They do all the work of the camp, and have most of the responsibility for the herds of donkeys, goats, sheep, and camels. The first wife of the Bakhtiari chief with whom we traveled in Arabistan once temporarily mislaid a donkey during a day's march, and she got a black eye and a broken rib in consequence.

No Arab or Persian looks a second time at any woman unless she is extremely young. The native girls marry at fourteen, or sometimes younger, and by the time they are thirty they are considered old women. Just what effect would be produced on the sheik population by letting loose a bunch of seventeen-year-old cuties in the desert I do not know, but no woman over twenty-five—and most women travelers who venture into the unfrequented places in the Orient are at least that—would ever win the fancy of a Bedouin chief.

After I had lived with some of the tribes and acquired enough Persian and Arabic to talk with the sheiks in their own language, I was often very much amused at hearing them express their frank opinion of European women.

They do not in the least admire our clothes. To them our clothes are both ungraceful and immodest; they think our high-heeled shoes ridiculous and our hats positively hideous.

A thin woman is repulsive to them, and their ideas of make-up are quite different from ours. An Oriental beauty must have an almost colorless skin, eyes heavily blackened with kohl, and a few blue tattoo marks to enhance the warm brown or creamy pallor of her complexion. A brilliant color is considered positively disfiguring, and I heard a very amusing story in this connection.

A BEDOUIN tribe, during a raid on a caravan, carried off several foreigners, among them an Englishwoman. She was young and extremely pretty, with blue eyes, golden hair, and a lovely, cherry-ripe complexion. When she was brought before the sheik with the other prisoners he looked her over critically, then he turned to his women.

"Take her out and wash her face," he com-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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manded. "The *hanoum* is disguised with paint."

The women took her to their tent and scrubbed vigorously, but the more they scrubbed the redder she became. Finally, in despair, they brought her back to the chief. He gave one look, then he summoned an attendant.

"I have seen white women, and brown women, and yellow women," he said, "but never before have I seen a red woman. She is hideous. Let her go. I have no use for freaks in my harem."

There are, of course, exceptional cases where European women have married Arabs, Turks, or Persians, and some of these marriages have turned out extremely well. The former Sherif of Mecca, Ali Haidar Pasha, whom I met in Constantinople, married an English lady, a Miss Dunn, some years ago.

But Ali Haidar Pasha is not a desert sheik. I doubt if he ever spent a night in all his life under a tent, and he is a thoroughly cosmopolitan gentleman. The Arab or Persian tribal chief is a very different proposition; and, as for the sheiks I met, I don't think any one of them would prove alluring to any American woman.

IN the first place, the Bedouins have not precisely our ideas of cleanliness. Baths are an unknown luxury in the desert, and most Arabs do not even make the ablutions prescribed for all good Moslems by the Prophet, partly because water is scarce, but more from a natural inclination to be dirty.

Their manners at meal times are not what might be called polished, to say the least. Etiquette demands that everybody eat as rapidly as possible, and the Arabs believe that fingers were made before forks. No sheik, however handsome, looks romantic when he is ramming large handfuls of boiled mutton and *pilau* into his mouth as fast as he possibly can, and wiping his greasy fingers on his coat sleeves.

The Bedouin costume, while extremely picturesque, is very far removed from our notions of oriental splendor. A long, white robe, very much like the old-fashioned cotton nightshirt, comes first. Over this is worn a coat of striped cotton material, with flowing sleeves, and a voluminous "aba" of plain or striped camel's hair, brown, tan, or black. The Arabs do not wear turbans, but squares of printed cotton, usually black and white or red and white. The *cheffiyehs*, as they are called, are held in place by two heavy cords wrapped in black, brown, or gold thread, known as *agals*. When this headdress is properly worn it is very graceful, but it is usually out of gear.

The tents of all except the richest sheiks are merely strips of black goat's hair, pegged down behind and propped up on poles in front. There is about as much privacy in them for lovemaking as there is in a New York tenement, and the tent is frequently shared with several baby camels or goats and the sheik's favorite Arab charger, not to mention the ever present insect family.

I GRANT that it would be romantic, though uncomfortable, to fly to the desert in a gorgeous red-curtained "chug duff," precariously attached to the back of an ill-natured camel, but if you aspired to a really first-class sheik, he would carry you off, if he did such a thing at all, in a nice little Ford. Many of the richer Bedouin chiefs in Mesopotamia have them, and it is no uncommon sight to see the sheik in the front seat in his flowing robes, rifle by his side, driving the car, with his women folk packed in the tonneau and his worldly goods strapped on the running boards.

The only sheik I met who really appealed to me was over seventy years old, and he had many more than seventy wives—the Sirdar Aghaz, Sheik of Mohammerah, a principality as large as a European state. The sirdar is a very splendid looking old man, with wonderful dark eyes, classical features, and a most dignified and martial appearance.

He lives in a magnificent palace filled with his wives and retainers, on the banks of the Shatt-el-Arab, and he is as fabulously rich as an oriental potentate should be. His annual income is estimated at not less than a million pounds sterling, and he is the owner of several of the famous pearl fisheries at Bachrein, in the Persian Gulf.

He maintains his own small army, holds his own courts of justice, and exercises absolute power of life and death over several thousand subjects.

It required little stretch of the imagination to picture him looking fierce and shouting, like the Queen in Alice in Wonderland, "Off with his head!"; but, as a matter of fact, the roots of the sirdar's power lie not in his lands, his armories, or his arsenal, but in the subsidies he receives from the British, which keep him and his subjects in a state of quasi-independence.

During the early part of the war, when the Turks were making a great show of force at Basra, not far away, and sailing their gunboats up and down the river in front of his residence, the sirdar shut himself up and refused to have anything to do with either of the opposing forces.

When the British advanced on Basra, there was an engagement between British and Turkish gunboats, just outside his palace compound, and the sirdar retired to the cellar, where his eunuchs brought him reports as to how things were going. After it became evident that the British were going to win, the sirdar sent for his physician, an Indian. He found the sirdar trembling in a corner.

"Go up on the roof and show yourself," he begged. "You have on European clothes. Perhaps they will think you are an Englishman and will not fire on the palace."

Forty of the sirdar's wives lived at Mohammerah, the others were in his harems at Ahwaz and Bachrein. Each of them received two English pounds a month to spend on cigarets and sweetmeats, and they fought so terribly among themselves that the court physician often had to be called in to dress wounds received in hair-pulling and face-scratching encounters.

In the river outside the palace, when I was there, were moored two craft: an antiquated yacht and a houseboat which had served as a hospital ship during the World War, both presented to him by the British.

I had tea with him on board the houseboat one afternoon. It was still fitted up exactly as it had been during wartime, and I found the sirdar reclining, not on a silken divan but in a shabby steamer chair. He gave me tea with milk, English style, and offered me a whisky and soda and cigarets. Our conversation was principally about the price of dates in America and the prospects for export.

Perhaps I would have had a more thrilling experience if I had accepted his invitation for dinner the next day, but we were leaving for Shuster in the interior. There was a rumor that a Frenchwoman had once dined with him, and that he had given her an emerald, but I did not hear of that report until after my visit. Otherwise I might have postponed my departure, and, as it was, I privately resolved that if I ever went back to Mohammerah nothing would prevent me from dining with the Sirdar Aghaz.

THE sirdar was charmingly courteous to me, but I got an interesting sidelight on his attitude toward European women when I learned that he had disowned his eldest son for marrying an English girl. The son has lived in Bournemouth since his marriage, not daring to go back to Mohammerah after having incurred his august sire's displeasure.

There will be no lack of heirs to the sirdar's lands and title, however, for he has innumerable children—in fact, it is commonly said that he does not know how many he has; and his second son, who is only twenty-one, already has six wives and a flourishing progeny.

The sirdar's favorite amusement is motor boating, and there is nothing he likes better than to run over and see the English cinema at Basra.

When I tell all these things to my women friends in New York they don't quite believe me, such is the power of popular fiction and the movies. They think—well, you know how women are! But if any girl or woman cherishes romantic dreams of capturing or being captured by a sheik, turn her loose anywhere in Arabia and let her try it—just once.

THE END

You Can *Afford an* Automobile

Motor Cars Are No Longer Luxuries. They Cost Less Today, Relatively, Than Almost Any Other Commodity, and the Bugbear of Expensive Upkeep Also Is in the Past

By RALPH ARMSTRONG

Picture by R. JAMES STUART

WITHIN the last few years the automobile has become so inexpensive that most wage earners in the United States can afford to own and operate one. The time has passed when it was a luxury, the plaything of millionaires and the extravagance of joy riders.

In a brief period the automobile has become a necessity of American life, used for business, commuting and as an auxiliary to railroads, as well as for recreation. Instead of being a burden, the automobile is being used by thousands of families in every locality in fighting the high cost of living; by others in searching for a living, and even by some in begging a living.

Yet the motor car's reputation, attained back in 1908 and 1910, of being an unnecessary expense, lives in many minds. I know a man who has been waiting for twenty years until the automobile comes down to a price he thinks is moderate.

How much cheaper does he expect the automobile to become? Let the Automobile Merchants' Association, Inc., of New York, express an opinion. Its members will tell you that today virtually every car manufactured in the country is now selling for considerably less than one-half its price in 1910, though it is now of quality tremendously advanced by improvements.

Considering this fact and also that according to government figures, money today is worth not more than one-half of what it was in 1910, there is good evidence for the conclusion that automobiles today cost less than one one-fourth of what they cost fifteen years ago.

Automobiles which in 1910 ranged from $800 to $3,000 sell today for from $300 to $1,500. This means that they are selling for $150 to $750 as money went in 1910. Compare this with clothing, food, or housing!

If a merchant were to offer my friend, the hesitant buyer, a suit of clothes for fifteen dollars of the make which cost thirty dollars a few years before the war, he would think the merchant was crazy. By the rising curve in living costs the suit should retail for at least sixty dollars. The comparison, furthermore, lacks accuracy, automobile men tell us, because of the fact that virtually every make of car today, though reduced in price as stated, is of much better construction than ever before.

If the automobile had followed in price the general rise in living costs, the flivver would today be priced at $1,600, the medium grade car at $6,000, while America's finest $5,000 models would be somewhere in the clouds above $20,000. That is, if——

THE "if" opens flivver doors for farm hands in North Dakota who ride to work in their own machines, purchased probably with five dollars down and the remainder on installments of five dollars. Workers in nearly every factory of the land are doing the same thing. Many colleges have parking space for motoring students. The country school teacher motors to her classes. Even in New York City, where garage space and upkeep are probably the highest in America, dealers report selling cars of by no means the cheapest make to men earning as little as thirty dollars a week.

Ten million persons in this country who own automobiles earn less than forty dollars a week. This statement is based on statistics which indicate that there are only 6,000,000 persons who have incomes amounting to more than $2,000 a year, while fully 16,000,000 persons own motor cars. That is about one car to every seven inhabitants, or if the 1,000,000 commercial cars are included, the proportion would be about one car to every six and one-half persons.

About sixty per cent of all cars are bought on time. Last year 4,000,000 automobiles were bought in this country.

Among these owners, oddly enough, considering the automobile's reputation as an expensive luxury, are the thousands of automobile hobos who ride up and down the nation's highways, begging, stealing, and grafting. These men have abandoned freight trains, particularly in the territory west of Chicago, and in many instances acquired wives and children. They tour from one free camp to another, usually remaining in one so long as the police will permit. For food they have what tourists discard or will give them.

Shades of by-gone days! This picture was taken in 1895 when Elwood Haynes, inventor of one of the earliest automobiles, was overhauled by a Chicago cop on a bicycle, and told to get off the street!

THESE auto hobos obtain gasoline in various ways. In some camps the police give each of them a gallon or more to help them move on, and charge the cost to municipal betterment. Occasionally, tourists will give a few gallons for aid in making repairs. But generally the hobos beg their fuel along the road.

You may be driving through the country when you come upon a stalled car. An unkempt

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

individual will signal you to stop.

"Can you spare a little gas?" he will ask, and when questioned how far he is going, will name some point a few miles away, though his objective may be anywhere.

You tell him your tank has no outlet. Anticipating such a reply, the hobo has already produced his rubber tube and volunteers to syphon the fuel from your tank. To do this he must start the flow by sucking at the tube.

His cheeks contract as he heaves mightily. Suddenly he reels backward, chokes and coughs, but manages to hold the tube so that none of the precious gasoline escapes.

From the hobo's car comes the derisive laughter of wife and two or three children. "Pa got a mouthful that time." The family is used to the experience of begging gasoline. They will travel as far as the canful lasts, then haul up at the roadside and wait until someone else comes along who will contribute to their transportation.

So great is their "nerve" that they will hook on the back end of any truck which happens along and thus save what little gasoline they have. As children rope their sleds to sleighs in winter, so these hobos attach their cars to heavier vehicles. And some of them even carry poles fashioned with hooks for that purpose.

ALLIED to this new class of motorists are thousands of casual laborers who travel with their families and all other possessions from one job to another. They seldom are totally broke and when nearly so they stop at a rest camp while the father works at a nearby factory or farm. When pay day comes, off they go again.

Where do all these apparently impecunious persons obtain their cars? The answer is identical with the answer to the question, What becomes of all the second-hand cars when they have outlived their nominal values?

Many cars which have been junked, can be rejuvenated, others can be purchased for as little as from twenty-five to forty dollars.

Dealers estimate that the average life of an automobile is from five to seven years. In this time, it may have had several owners. The physician who prides himself on appearances may buy a new car every year, each time turning in the old one. And so do thousands of other buyers.

The agent who takes the car on a new deal resells it, and the new owner may turn it back to another agent or second-hand dealer. With each month of service its value decreases. Eventually it becomes the property of someone with no apparent capital.

At the end of 1923 only 3,889,901 motor cars had been junked of all the 20,000,000 produced in the country since the industry started, according to the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce. It is believed, however, that about 1,500,000 were added to the scrap pile during 1924.

That there is a big demand for used cars is seen in the estimate of the National Automobile Dealers' Association that dealers of the country disposed of 1,771,000 of these cars in six months of 1923.

IT is the tremendous production of motor vehicles in the last few years which has brought new ones today within purchasing reach of every family. Some of the ninety manufacturers can sell more cheaply because they build so many cars and have solved many problems of economical manufacture. But most of them are engaged in a keen struggle of competition, and some are selling their output at little or no profit.

The automobile fulfills a need of its own creation. It has caused development of towns and communities remote from any railroad, to be reached only by motors. Of this Roger Babson, eminent business expert, says:

"The city no longer has a wall around it. Railroads made the first breach, but the railroads opened up only narrow strips along their lines, radiating from the city. In most cases the railroads followed the valleys and lowlands, which are not the best building locations. Between the railway lines are miles of land much more desirable for building but which have been inaccessible to the commuter because men had no means of getting to the train."

Thousands of families in the cities pressed by advancing rentals have purchased motor cars and moved to the suburbs. With the money they had been paying in high rent they have paid installments on their own homes and have become property owners—all this because of the automobile.

After a nation-wide survey lasting three years the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce has found some interesting facts on this subject. It has been found that in one hundred and thirty-five thousand instances in sixty cities, representing a combined population of eight million, motor cars have been used as a means of relief from high city rentals. Owners of these cars have moved from city to suburb and depend solely upon their automobiles for transportation between their work and their homes.

If the same ratio were maintained throughout the remainder of the United States no fewer than five hundred thousand automobiles have been used during the last three years in escaping high city rents.

Two-thirds of the nation's seventeen million cars are registered in the smaller cities and towns or

country, where the rent problem is not the vital factor it is in the larger cities. One reason for this is that garage rentals are high in the cities—almost prohibitive for some persons—whereas in the country a man can park his car in the front yard or barn at little or no expense.

Ezra Jones, who used to say "Gid ep, Napoleon," now steps on the starter and covers the pike in a tenth the time he once spent in riding in to town. His neighbor, who tries to market butter and eggs by horse and buggy, is as behind the age as is the spinning wheel. The automobile has brought the farm, once remote, to within a few minutes of city or county seat.

And it is largely due to rural communities having found the motor's value that the United States has improved highways sufficiently to make the automobile abundant and continues to improve them at the rate of forty thousand miles a year.

Coming to operating and maintaining the automobile, exact figures are not easy to quote, because no two owners have the same expenses. From government experts, however, one gets a figure which will probably apply to the car operation of many individuals. These experts estimate that it costs seven cents a mile in the long run to purchase and operate a moderately-priced car, neither the cheapest nor the most costly.

This weird affair was a rough model, made in 1893, of the first self-propelled vehicle to appear in Chicago. It was invented by Archie Philion, and was found by Gabriel Pollock in Selig's Chicago studio.

IN preparing the annual budget for government operation for 1925 these experts have figured the original cost, depreciation, gasoline, tires, garage rentals, and other expenses for a number of government cars to be operated in various parts of the country. Their estimates take into consideration the fact that cost in mountainous regions, lowlands, and on poor roads is greater than elsewhere, and their figures are based on an average for various makes of cars under varying conditions. The National Budget Committee has accepted this figure of seven cents a mile, which applies to cost and maintenance of cars only and does not include chauffeurs' wages.

Railroad fare is placed at a minimum of three and three-fifths cents a mile by the Interstate Commerce Commission, although on one line in Iowa it is five cents a mile and in some instances runs as high as ten cents. Accepting the government figure of seven cents a mile cost for automobiles, two persons can buy a car and operate it almost as cheaply as they can travel extensively on trains at the lowest fare. Five persons riding on a train pay a minimum of eighteen cents a mile—eleven cents more per mile than the cost of buying and operating an automobile.

Recently I heard of a man in Philadelphia who wanted to take his wife and three children to Montreal. By railroad the trip would have been impossible for his purse, the fare amounting to about one hundred and seventy dollars. So he took them in the family automobile, and figures that the trip both ways cost him less than forty dollars.

Roads which once were so hard on cars have been improved throughout the country to the extent of four hundred and thirty thousand miles, according to National Automobile Chamber of Commerce figures. Gasoline has gone up somewhat, but the motors of today run on considerably less fuel than formerly, so that this cost item has really decreased. At the same time, automobile dealers expect that some inventor will find a reliable substitute for gasoline. Such a fuel, produced at small expense, would bring the cost of automobile operation down to a practical minimum. A dependable and low-priced gasoline substitute would make the motor even more of a common necessity.

Somewhat better fares the problem of good tires, which today are less expensive than a few years ago, while three to four times as long lived. I recall riding from Chicago to Kokomo, Indiana, fifteen years ago with the late Elmer Apperson, automobile manufacturer, and pumping by hand six tires after as many punctures. In 1922 I made the same trip both ways on tires far from new and had only one puncture.

All this indicates that the automobile is a necessity which almost every family of any reasonable income can afford to own and operate.

In support of its assertion that the automobile promotes home ownership, the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce reveals the result of a survey which it has made of every State in the United States, as follows:

"Those states which have the most automobiles in ratio to population have the highest percentage of dwellings owned by their occupants. Conversely, where rented homes are most common, the supply of motor transportation is relatively less. The city dweller who buys a car soon finds that he can get more satisfaction out of it by living in the suburbs where traffic is less crowded and garage rents are lower."

THE END

BRIGHT SAYINGS *of* CHILDREN

This weekly will pay $5 for every published letter. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago

Page the Milkman, Please

My grandson, whose home is in the West, noticed one morning that the water in his glass was not very clear and asked for the reason. His mother explained to him that a rain up in the hills, where the reservoir was located, was the cause. After thinking a few moments he said, "Mamma, what does it do to the milk when it rains on the cow?"—Mrs. C. C., Edgerton, Wis.

* * *

He "Snored" His Dream

Little Bobbie, while eating his breakfast one morning said, "Mother, I snored something last night," and his mother on inquiring, "What do you mean, dear, by that?" He replied by telling his mother then of a dream he had had during the night. —Mrs. F. L. H., Perry, Ia.

That Ring Was Hot

Little Mary had got a ring for her birthday the same evening her mother had company for dinner. All Mary's efforts to attract attention to her ring were fruitless until she cried out, "Oh, dear, I'm so warm in my new ring."—S. D., Chicago.

* * *

Sittin' on My Lap

Little Gladys was taught to put her own clothes on. One day she put her dress on backward and her mother told her about it. Gladys looked at her dress and said, "Oh, muvver, I been sittin' on my lap all day."—Mrs. I. D., Evansville, Ind.

The Cat's Motor Was Idling

Little Mary sat quietly watching the family cat which purred loudly beside her. Finally she said in a most disgusted tone:

"Tom, don't you know enough to shut off your motor when you're standing still."—L. R. A., Lima, O.

* * *

He Had Plenty on Hand

One day Jack was crying for some cookies.

"Jack," advised his mother, "save your tears for a better purpose."

"But, mother," replied Jack, "I always have plenty of tears."—K. D., Boston, Mass.

$500 for Last Lines to Limericks—See Page 51

She Evidently Needs Training

My little niece was breakfasting with her mother, who asked her if she wanted some cocoa.

She nodded her head.

Her mother asked again but with the same result. On being asked the third time she said, rather impatiently:

"Mother, dear, can't you hear my head saying 'yes'?"—B. M., Pawtucket, R. I.

* * *

An "Auto Graveyard"

Our small grandson was with us one day autoing along the concrete highway, when we passed a yard used as a junk market for all sorts of worn-out automobiles. "Oh," said the little fellow as we came opposite the place, "just see all the dead cars!"—F. K. P., Cornell, Wis.

Oh, Doctor!

A Motion Picture Review By Alva Taylor

Rufus Billups (Reginald Denny) wasn't satisfied with being nearly killed in an automobile smashup, so he went out and tried a motorcycle. The trained nurse (Mary Astor) is a bit cross with him. Scene from Oh, Doctor!

OH, DOCTOR!

From the story by Harry Leon Wilson
Directed by Harry Pollard
Produced by Universal

CAST:

Rufus Billups Jr.	*Reginald Denny*
Dolores Hicks	*Mary Astor*
Mr. Clinch	*Otis Harlan*
Mr. McIntosh	*William Mong*
Mr. Peck	*Tom Ricketts*
Aunt Beulah Rush	*Lucille Ward*
Buzz Titus	*Mike Donlin*
Doctor Seaver	*Clarence Geldert*
Osteopath	*Blanche Payson*
Chang	*George Kuwa*
"Death Watch" Mary Schultz	*Martha Mattox*
Maid	*Helen Lynch*

RUFUS BILLUPS was a sissy, a hypochondriac, and a coward. But it wasn't his fault. He had been brought up that way. He wore tortoise shell spectacles, his hair too long, lived upon all the medicines on the market and all the patent foods, his only callers were members of the medical profession, he was afraid of a pork chop, and he thought that every day was almost his last.

Then a beautiful nurse came into his life. Rufus Billups began to think that perhaps he was not at death's door. He got up out of bed one day, ate a beefsteak for breakfast, and went out to get his hair cut. He came home with a speedster, nearly broke his neck riding a motorcycle, and painted the ball on a flag pole some fifteen or more stories up in the air just because he was afraid to. Then Rufus did the thing that he was most afraid to do. He kissed the beautiful nurse.

This is what Universal's extremely amusing and delightful new picture, Oh, Doctor! is all about. Reginald Denny is Rufus Billups and will give you one of the surprises of the year. All this time he has been hiding an ability for the comic which we had never suspected him of having.

Reginald Denny has proved himself not only a skillful swinger of punches but an actor and, in this case, a comedian. However, amusing as he is, it's a relief when he is transformed in the picture from the long-haired, self-made invalid to the handsome young man that he really is.

He and the whole picture have the spirit of Mr. Wilson's style. Harry Pollard, who directed the picture, has done a good job. The three comedy characters, Mr. Clinch, Mr. McIntosh, and Mr. Peck, furnish a good share of the fun. If you've read the book you will remember that these three are advancing one hundred thousand dollars to Rufus so that he can die surrounded by luxury, for which Rufus in turn signs over to them his rights to the seven hundred and fifty thousand that he is to receive in three years. If he dies before he comes into the money it is to go to charity.

Mr. Clinch, Mr. McIntosh, and Mr. Peck are therefore in a tremendously nervous condition over Rufus' state of health. For if he dies before the three years are up their investment of one hundred thousand dollars will prove a bad one.

It is their extreme perturbation over Rufus Billups' safety which provides most of the entertaining situations in the picture. While the doctors hold consultations over Rufus, Mr. Clinch, Mr. McIntosh, and Mr. Peck are seen expressing their nervousness each in his own peculiar manner. Mr. Clinch paces the floor in the amusing way Mr. Wilson describes in the opening chapter of the book. Mr. McIntosh's method of showing his anxiety consists in tearing into shreds every piece of paper within his reach. Mr. Peck just stands and pulls at his own neck vigorously with the crooked handle of his walking stick.

Mary Astor is Dolores Hicks, the nurse who brings into Rufus Billups' life a reason for his change of diet from bran to red meat, not to mention his hair cut and his taking up of racing cars. Mary Astor is a beautiful young woman, always a treat to look at.

Mike Donlin, ex-baseball player, plays Buzz Titus, the dare-devil driver who takes Rufus on the little motor jaunts which cause Messrs. Clinch, McIntosh, and Peck much anguish and alarm. Around the race track where he risks his neck Buzz ruins the trio's hopes for seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

If you are looking for a chance to laugh and don't mind a good story, a beautiful girl, and an attractive young man thrown in, Oh, Doctor! is the picture you want to see.

If you have as good a time as we did you won't be sorry you went.

Next Week—CLASSMATES

A First National Picture with Richard Barthelmess

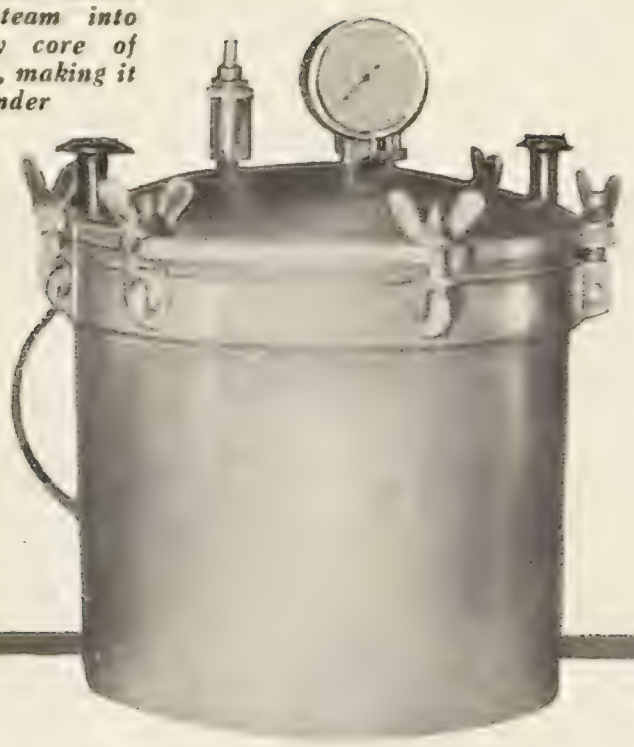
Two Little Girls of Elfin Beauty

Captions by Alva Taylor

Photo by
EDWARD
THAYER
MONROE

Photo by
EDWIN BOWER HESSER

A LOVELY BIT OF WOMANHOOD is Anita Stewart (left). Delicate of feature and dainty of form, she has long been one of the best loved figures on the screen. The fans missed her for a while but she came back in The Great White Way, and now she is making another picture for Cosmopolitan, Never the Twain Shall Meet. Curly haired Madge Bellamy (right) of the elfin eyes is as beautiful a creature as has ever filtered through a projection lens onto the screen. You'll be seeing her with Herbert Rawlinson in Universal's The Man in Blue, shortly.



The modern pressure cooker which forces steam into the very core of the meat, making it tender

Efficient Kitchen Tools

By ETHEL M. SOMERS

Ethel M. Somers, Ph.B., is a graduate of the Department of Home Economics, University of Chicago. She comes to Liberty after six years of teaching experience in both children's and adults' home economics classes. We hope her experience with foods will become yours and that you will bring your problems to her for solution.

THE timely purchase of the late inventions in tools and equipment for our kitchens is often warranted since these are time savers, fuel savers, or even life savers. The pressure cooker and the fireless cooker are two such efficient tools. The pressure cooker substitutes for the old two-hour roasting process a new twenty-five-minute process. The time of preparation is shifted by the automatic fireless cooker from a last-minute process to one which may be accomplished hours ahead.

Efficient as these utensils are in retaining and sealing in the heat, neither requires for its work over thirty minutes' actual burning of fuel.

No more water-soaked or burned stews need come out of the modern kitchen. The pressure and fireless cooker recipes call for as little as one-half cup of water, but this amount is entirely retained by the air-tight seal. The slow cooking of the fireless cooker will make the toughest of meats tender. The quick forcing of steam into the very core of the meat by means of the pressure cooker will accomplish the same result. The recipes on this page will show how easily the old recipes and methods may be adapted to the new devices.

Creole Stew

1 pound lean beef or one medium-sized fowl
1 tablespoon fat
¼ cup chopped onion
1 cup of chopped sweet peppers
1 cup boiling water
½ cup rice
1 cup of carrots or okra, sliced
2 cups tomato
1 teaspoon salt

OLD METHOD: Cut the meat into small pieces or disjoint the fowl. Brown the onions, peppers, and meat in a frying pan with the fat. Add other ingredients and simmer for two or more hours. Watch closely so as not to burn. Serve hot.

New Method: Brown the vegetables and meat in a pressure cooker. Add other ingredients, omitting the water. Cover and seal by fastening the thumb screws. When steam appears at valve, close it, and run the pressure gauge up to twenty or twenty-five pounds and continue at this pressure for fifteen minutes. Put out the fire and let the kettle cool until zero pressure is indicated before opening. When in a hurry, continue cooking at high pressure for twenty-five minutes and release steam through the valve. (A two or three-hour process is thus replaced by a fifteen or twenty-five-minute one.)

Roast of Veal

4 pounds veal shoulder
3 tablespoons fat
¼ cup flour
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon salt

OLD METHOD: Wipe the meat thoroughly with a clean, damp cloth. Remove the bone and any darkened areas. Stuff the cavity with a savory bread crumb stuffing. Rub the fat and flour together well. Spread this mixture over the outside of the meat, sprinkle with seasonings. Roast in a covered roaster for two hours, in a hot oven (450° F.) until browned, or approximately five minutes, then in a moderate oven (375° F.) until tender. Serve hot with gravy.

New Method: Prepare by wiping, stuffing, and spreading with fat and flour mixture as above. Place the meat in a kettle inset of the pressure cooker and brown in two tablespoonfuls of fat. Put one-half to one cup of water into the pressure cooker. Set the inset into the cooker. Seal and run the pressure gauge up to twenty pounds. Continue cooking at this pressure for thirty-five minutes. Cool the kettle until pressure is reduced to zero, or continue pressure ten minutes longer and release at once. Serve hot with gravy. (Thus, the old two-hour process is replaced by a thirty-five-minute one—enabling the housewife to get a roast dinner in the same length of time required for the preparation of a fried one.) The potatoes may be placed in the inset with the meat, the other vegetables in one above, and the dessert in the top inset and the whole meal prepared with forty-five minutes' cooking.

Meat Loaf

2 pounds round steak or veal shoulder, ground
1 onion, grated
¾ cup water or 1 cup of stewed tomatoes
2 teaspoons salt
2 tablespoons of chopped parsley, if desired
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ cup soft bread crumbs
1 egg

OLD METHOD: Mix all the ingredients and shape into a loaf. Place in a greased baking pan or roaster. Bake in a hot oven (450° F.) for ten minutes, reduce the temperature to that of a moderate oven (375° F.) and continue same for thirty minutes longer. Some people prefer meat loaf rare, in which case the second period of baking may be reduced from thirty to twenty minutes. Serve hot with gravy.

New Method: Prepare the loaf as by the old method, placing it in a greased kettle inset of the pressure cooker rather than in a baking dish. Put one-half to one cup of water into the pressure cooker. Place the inset pan into the cooker. Seal the kettle and steam at twenty pounds' pressure for twenty minutes. Cool the kettle until the steam pressure is reduced to zero. Open and brown under oven gas flame for three or five minutes. Serve hot with gravy. The pressure may be continued for ten minutes longer and the steam released before cooling. As the steam condenses it gives off a terrific heat and, therefore, if we allow it to condense before opening the kettle, we are using the hidden heat to its full advantage. In fact a pressure cooker may be wrapped in a blanket and used as a fireless cooker.

To Use the Automatic Fireless Cooker

PREPARE creole stew, veal roast, or meat loaf as for the pressure cooker, but place the meat into a kettle of the fireless cooker, omitting the water, and seal. Set the clock which regulates the current of electricity to run thirty minutes for creole stew, twenty-five minutes for veal roast, and twenty-five minutes for the meat loaf, and turn on the electricity. At the end of this time the clock will automatically shut off the heat, leaving the meal to cook. The food must be left in the cooker at least two hours, but it may be left five or six hours if desired.

Units of the fireless cooker which enables the housewife to prepare a meal hours ahead of the time of serving.

The Psychology *of* Bill Collecting

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Picture by GAAR WILLIAMS

Collection Joe has picketed a debtor's house with cadaverous men wearing yellow high hats and yellow coats.

IF a Collection Agency Ever Opens Up on You with Bluster and Bluff, It's Using OLD STUFF! The New Methods Are Subtle, Genteel —But EFFECTIVE!

THE inevitable first of the month rolls around and your mail increases. It is not a welcome increase: when you have answered all the letters your bank account is going to take on a somewhat anemic appearance.

With no song in your heart
you pay the gas bill, the ice bill,
the electric light bill, the rent, and so on down the line. If you don't pay the gas bill the company furnishing that commodity will see to it that you get no more of it, and that's inconvenient. The same for the electricity you have burned and the ice which has melted in the refrigerator.

Now let us assume that you are entirely typical of the whole body of America's hundred and twelve million inhabitants. And, that being so, whose bill do you put on the deferred list—away down at the tail end? Let us assume that somebody has to go over; that after signing so many checks you rebel and vow you'll pay no more—for the time being, at least. Whose bill do you toss aside with a petulant, "Let him wait"?

That's easy. The doctor's! Or maybe the dentist's. But the chances are that it will be the doctor's. Why?

I asked Chapman D. Marks why, and Mr. Marks, out of his twenty years of experience in accelerating the incomes of medical practitioners—in other words, acting as a collector of physicians' overdue bills—told me.

Mr. Marks is the head of a collection and credit agency which has as its clients some of the most prominent medical men in America. He is the most important of doctors' duns in New York, and he has collected from reluctant patients and estates sums of all size from eight thousand five hundred dollars (the largest in his personal records) to five dollars. Also his clientele includes a large number of famous dentists.

"NATURALLY," he said, "I may not mention names, because of the possible consequences to me and you, and it is equally natural that I may not, in following my vocation, resort to those bizarre methods of making people pay which I may lightly call undignified but which are nothing but blackmailing.

"In the first place, the blackmail or indignity method of collecting overdue bills is the most ineffective method of consistently producing results. Again, the law in New York State protects debtors from methods based upon coercion and holding up to ridicule and shame, which is as it should be.

"Finally, I represent professional men who would not tolerate such methods."

The coercion methods of making delinquents meet their obligations—the sort which Mr. Marks puts down as smelling strongly of blackmail—still prevail in a number of States —Pennsylvania, for example, or, at least, in certain sections of that State. Naturally enough, the professional men, the doctors and lawyers, for example, do not avail themselves of these methods, but merchants still do.

Take Collection Joe for example. Collection Joe is a famous character in central Pennsylvania who, unless you pay, will subject you to humiliations which, if you are a sensitive soul, might drive you out of the State. He has been known to picket a debtor's house with cadaverous men who wear tall, yellow high hats and long, yellow coats.

On the hats and on the coats—front and back—there will be published in large red or black letters the fact that you, Mr. Phlat, owe the butcher, the baker, or the candlestick maker such and such a sum of money which you have steadfastly refused to disgorge. And these cadaverous gentlemen will remain in front of your house until you produce the desired cash.

The men chosen for this noble work are selected because of their nonpleasing appearance, not to mention their general suggestion of complete surrender to the less desirable things of life. Mournfully, their heads hanging and their eyes fixed upon the ground, they walk up and down until the entire district is aware that Mr. Phlat is, to say the least, a dead-beat and responsible for most of the sorrow in the world.

Of course, such picketing is not to be borne by all with equanimity and battles ensue.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

There have been numerous cases where the debtor and his family have, in their desire to be rid of these silent Jeremiahs, set upon them only to find that, while outwardly they bore the appearance of Ichabod Crane, they were, in reality, as heavy fisted and as keen for battle as Brom Bones.

THEN, too, while we are on the subject, Collection Joe and his like were given to removing unpaid-for furniture with as much discomfort to the delinquent as possible. We shall say that Mr. Phlat owed the installment house for furniture. In many cases the unliquidated merchandise was no more than a single piece—a bed, a chair, a sofa.

Nevertheless, an enormous moving van would roll up to the house early in the morning, and on its expansive sides there would be roaring posters telling all and sundry that when Collection Joe's men got good and ready they would enter the house and take therefrom this one chair or certain pieces of furniture, which they would haul back to the store in the van there for the world to gaze on.

There is a story, illustrative if not entirely accurate, that a Lancaster, Pennsylvania, installment house retained Collection Joe to salvage from a home in a near-by village one piano, not neglecting to let all the villagers know that it was being done and why. After making a horrible example of the delinquent, Collection Joe collected the piano and returned in triumph to Lancaster.

Two days later the Lancaster store was burned. There were many evidences of incendiarism, but no clew to the perpetrator. Detectives shadowed the village house, and, through an excess of zeal, became involved in a quarrel with the pianoless occupant, whose son was blackjacked during the mêlée.

On the following day the home of the manager of the store burned, and not long after that a brother of the villager was shot. And finally somebody took an accurate potshot at Collection Joe himself, rendering him invalid for some time.

And then, when it looked as if a thriving young civil war was about to burst into existence, a moving van arrived at the village house and strong men delivered a bigger, better piano which the villager had got (on the installment plan) from another store.

Now, there may and there may not be any connection between the events leading from piano to piano. The courts were never called upon to make decision. But the coincidence is rare, and the story is a favorite one among credit men.

Mr. Marks, when asked to consider these stories, said that such occurrences are rare in these days, as are Collection Joes.

"Credit men are even more opposed to such methods than debtors are," he said. "My experience has been restricted to doctors and dentists, and the tactics of Collection Joe would be intolerable to my clients.

"Doctors, as a class, are lamentably bad business men. The reasons are as good as they are obvious. You feel sick and call in the doctor. You have indigestion or a cold. You tell the doctor that you have every reason to believe that you are very close to death, or, at least, you are a very sick man.

"The doctor assures you that you are mistaken. You are not only going to live, he tells you, but immediately. Here, take two of these every hour and stop thinking about yourself, and tomorrow you'll be well and whole.

"And lo and behold! you recover. You plunge into work again and play eighteen holes with your usual vigorous ineptitude and all the world is gay and festive. Comes the doctor's bill, and you scan it with alarm through the eyes of a man bursting with health. What's this! Twenty-five dollars? Nonsense! Twenty-five dollars for just coming in a few times and writing a pill prescription? Why, it was only a trifling pain in the stomach! Besides, the doctor himself told you it was a mere trifle. Well, he'll wait until you get good and ready to pay that twenty-five.

"And he does, although you take his cash for the suit you sell him and regret to inform him that yours is a strictly cash business.

"Then, too, there is a well-known psychological aversion to paying for something you can't see. You buy a suit of clothes and you have on your back some tangible, material thing in exchange for your gold. The dentist has the advantage over the doctor in this respect. He'll make you a set of teeth or he'll fit you with bridges or he'll fill a tooth, and there you have something you can see and feel and gloat over. Or he'll extract a tooth and you have evidence of having made an exchange."

MR. MARKS and others in his same field of endeavor will confess that they grow more and more skeptical of the professions of those who say that it is a simple matter to trace one's attitude toward bill paying to definite motives and natural attributes.

"I have had occasion to dun a well-known diamond merchant no fewer than five times for five separate and distinct accounts," said Mr. Marks. "He has never been really discourteous when I dunned him; usually he has been most urbane and smilingly defiant. He is worth, perhaps, three million dollars.

"I sued him twice, and won, making him not only pay the bills but the costs. On the third occasion one of my agents went to him and, upon being rebuffed, reminded him of the two successful suits.

"'Look here,' he cried, 'I've been bread and butter to you collection agencies for years, and as a steady customer I think I'm entitled to a little consideration!'

"I ask you, can you beat *that?*

"We sued him again and won. He was not chagrined. To show me that he bore no ill will, he sent me, along with the check for the doctor, a pair of expensive cuff links studded with diamonds. Naturally I returned the jewelry. I have two suits pending against him now. The man is incorrigible."

It seems inevitable in a discussion such as I had with Mr. Marks that the question should arise:

"In what social and economic classes do you find the most frequent delinquents?"

"I can only answer that left-handedly," he replied. "The middle class produces the least debt dodgers. Among the very poor you will usually find that debts are repudiated because there is no money with which to meet them. The rich present a somewhat baffling situation. For example, although it is not typical, there is a man in New York whose social and financial position is lofty. His family name figures often in the society columns, and as for inaccessibility he is much more exclusive than any reasonable king, emperor, or president.

"I had occasion to dun this gentleman for twenty-five hundred dollars.

"'How dare you dun me, you whelp?' he roared at one of my men. 'I pay my bills when it suits me, and this doctor should feel honored to have me as a patient. Any number of professional men and merchants are contending for the prestige of my patronage.'

"Of course, there was nothing to do with a man like that but sue him. We did. He paid.

"I find the best method of awakening the consciences of delinquents is to reason with them and induce them to pay as they can—even ever so little at a time. I find that the majority of people who owe doctors money can be reasoned with. Fewer than one-half of one per cent of our cases get to the courts."

The largest single dun ever successfully made by Mr. Marks' office was for eighty-five hundred dollars, which was his client's fee for two operations and extended care of a very wealthy man, who died soon after the second operation. The widow was inclined to repudiate the bill, saying that it was excessive.

"One of my assistants talked to her for an hour," Mr. Marks explained, "at the end of which she had melted into tears, whereupon my assistant said to her very gently:

"'Is it possible, madam, that you, who obviously loved your husband very much, should, now that he is dead, refuse to pay the physician who did everything humanly possible to save him?'

"And thereat she went to her desk and wrote her check for the eighty-five hundred. All of our arguments and high sounding words had been ineffective. To have threatened suit would have made her all the more determined. And this one courteous reproach at the psychological moment got the money."

Those States which have by law prohibited the pyrotechnics of the Collection Joes do not leave the more spectacular credit men much room in which to exercise their ingenuity. Therefore the greater number of collection agencies operate very much as Mr. Marks does.

However, there are those who crowd the line hard. For example, there are agencies which, for thirty dollars or so a year, will keep merchants supplied with form letters with which to dun debtors. The first letter is mild—a mere reminder; the second contains an implied threat of legal action; and the third is an out and out threat, and with the third letter goes the notice, printed by the collection agency, that the account is for sale to the highest bidder.

FOR example, Mr. Phlat owes Nick Bulboso, the newsdealer, ten dollars. Mr. Phlat refuses to pay. Nick sends him the three form letters, and then, getting no action, he gets the collection agency's really disconcerting literature, which he forwards to Mr. Phlat. This includes the sheet of paper on which it is advertised that here are a number of bad debts which the creditors are prepared to sell to whoever cares to take a chance of collecting them.

Then Mr. Phlat reads that his debt of ten dollars to Nick Bulboso is offered for sale by Mr. Bulboso, who will part with the debt for the highest price offered. Mr. Phlat at once visualizes the sale of his debt to his mortal enemy, Cal Calkins, who will make life miserable for him. So maybe he pays Mr. Bulboso and gets off the list. Or maybe he doesn't.

On some of these debtor lists, compiled by the collection agency, there is the thinly veiled threat that this list will be given publicity by newspaper publication or by being posted on billboards. The threat is cleverly worded by lawyers who seek to keep just inside the law. They know, but they hope Mr. Phlat doesn't know, that such a list may not be published (in New York, at any rate) and that it is a criminal offense to broadcast such a list among persons not financially concerned.

In other words, it is a practice not more than an inch short of sheer blackmail, and there is no State in the Union where bills may be collected through blackmail.

THE END

FASHION DECREES CHIC GARB FOR WINTER SPORTS

by Corinne Lowe

IN the upper left of the panel, a skiing costume combines dark green suede breeches with a sweater of brushed wool in bright yellow and adds much vivid plaid. The companion model shows green, yellow, and white distributed in primitive design over a sports coat of knitted fabric trimmed with white fox.

CHANEL inspires this sports frock of Burgundy red jersey with its tiered skirt and its trimming of grosgrain ribbon in matching tint. The little bow of grosgrain is especially new, and the frock recalls Chanel's famous two-piece model of the same fabric.

ABOVE, a two-piece model in heavy gray kasha with a new collar idea and other novel features.

IT WAS only during my first trip to St. Moritz, Switzerland, I learned that winter sports have fashion laws as inexorable as those which control ballrooms. Over here we do not perhaps take our winter sports quite so seriously. Nevertheless, clothes for these pastimes have been exalted above their former station and most of us feel that if we are going to negotiate at all with a skate or with skis, we'll do it in proper garb.

First, there is the skiing costume. The breeches should be of waterproof material and garments should be fitted together so closely that the snow cannot penetrate. Incidentally, let it be said that breeches are almost the invariable wear for skiing. Skating, on the other hand, imposes the short skirt.

In your skiing costume you may have breeches matched by coat. Or you may choose some smart leather jacket which is perhaps lined with fur. The fur jacket is also combined with skiing breeches. However, my own limited experience with skis persuaded me that "traveling light" was the ideal course of conduct, and for this reason I, as well as many others, choose in preference to a jacket of any kind the less cumbersome sweater.

In the second sketch we show a very smart and practical skiing costume. This allies with breeches of dark green waterproofed suede a sweater of bright yellow brushed wool topped by a white wool collar. As you see, plaids are having their run on the snows, for it is a sash of yellow, green, and white plaid which gives an air of novelty to this costume. The plaid is repeated on the stocking tops, in the close-fitting cap, and on the gloves.

AS for the breeches, you may have them short and allow either leggings or stockings to do the rest. Or you may make the breeches almost ankle-length and by means of lacings or buttons contrive a tight fit below the knees. In this latter case the shoes worn are the familiar type, with a turndown cuff of material. This second type of wear is really more practical.

As to your skating costume, this encourages a wide latitude of choice. The only generally worn garment is a short and full skirt. Carry it out in velveteen trimmed with fur; in the knitted materials or in kasha. All are bound to be successful.

One of the creations which fulfills a sports destiny, either passive or active, is pictured at the extreme right. In this two-piece frock of heavy gray kasha I draw your attention to several brand new touches. First, it is buttoned down the back. Second, it has an unusual collar. And last, there is a trimming inspired by Lanvin which consists of a latticework of tiny strips of the material. All very smart!

LINGERIE MAKING IS EASY FOR HOME NEEDLES

By PATRICIA

NOW IS the time to make your lingerie. Materials are greatly reduced, enabling you to have more and prettier underthings at minimum cost. And, too, long winter evenings fly quickly if you have dainty pick-up sewing to do. You'd be surprised to find how moments you have heretofore wasted can be utilized to such advantage. Even if you do not make your own outer apparel—in fact, no matter how inexperienced you may be—you will find lingerie making easy, fascinating work.

Pajamas are the rage right now. When they are as easy to make as those shown here there is really no reason for not satisfying that longing for them. They can be developed in white cotton and trimmed with wide bands of the same material in pink, yellow or blue. Of course, more elaborate ones can be made of silk. Black satin trimmed with colored bands is another pleasing possibility.

Pajama pattern No. 2260 is cut in sizes 14-16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. For the 36-inch size, 5 yards of 40-inch material with ⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting are required. The hot-iron transfer pattern No. 706, which comes in blue and yellow, costs fifteen cents extra.

There are only two pieces to the slip shown in No. 1514. Silk crêpe, satin, sateen, lingette, batiste, nainsook, and muslin are suitable materials. The pattern comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size, 2⅝ yards of 36-inch material are required.

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NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

The one-piece step-in chemise shown in No. 1233 would be attractive made in fine handkerchief linen, batiste, nainsook, radium silk, or crêpe de Chine. The pattern comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 40, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 takes 1¾ yards of 36-inch material. The hot-iron transfer pattern No. 709, which comes in blue only, costs fifteen cents extra.

The dainty nightgown shown in No. 2105 cuts in two pieces. There are only the shoulder and underarm seams to be run up, a hem to be turned under and the slashed edges gathered to upper edges giving the effect of a yoke. Both cotton and silk may be used.

Pattern No. 2105 is cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size takes 3⅛ yards of 36 or 40-inch material. The hot-iron transfer pattern No. 716, which comes in blue only, costs fifteen cents extra.

The athletic undergarment so many women prefer is illustrated in pattern No. 2165. Cross-barred cotton, cotton crêpe, and radium silk are the most popular materials for this type of step-in.

The pattern for No. 2165 can be had in sizes 36, 40, and 44 inches bust measure. To make the step-in in the 36-inch size will require 2¼ yards of 36 or 40-inch material.

Anything But the Truth

Final Installment of a Thrilling Serial of Love, Astounding Crime, and Mystery

By
CAROLYN WELLS

Pictures by ROBERT G. JONES

The Secret Papers Are Found, but Yield No Clew to the Strange Murderer Until Fleming Stone, Celebrated Detective, Takes a Hand in the Mystery. Who Was the Elusive "Man in the Street" Who Killed Austin Eldridge? An Astonishing Climax to an Amazing Plot

"Oh, Miss Eldridge," Peter Thorne exclaimed suddenly. "Anything but the truth."

CHAPTER XVII. *(Continued)*

AT THE ROAD HOUSE

"HERE are the adoption papers!" Thorne cried, as he untied the string of a leather folder. "Here you are, Miss Eldridge. My congratulations!"

He handed the packet over to Lorraine, for a single glance had sufficed to show him the nature of the contents.

Sure enough, there were the certified facts of Lorraine's legal adoption, and all necessary data to insure her rights as heir to all Austin Eldridge's possessions, in default of any contradictory will.

The expression on Sarah Mersereau's face was so grief-stricken as to be almost ludicrous, and funnier still was its immediate change to a fawning affection for Lorraine, as the quick-witted woman realized her entire defeat and her only hope of gratuity.

Lorraine looked toward Grant Maxwell and read in his eyes the joy he felt at her acknowledged position.

He glanced at his mother. But Mrs. Maxwell was so bent on seeing if the packet she wanted was among the findings that she gave small heed to the young people just then. And it was found. Thorne looked it over and saw it was, as he had supposed, letters from Mrs. Maxwell to Austin Eldridge. Without reading them, he asked Lorraine if she were willing to turn them over, unread, to Mrs. Maxwell. The girl was more than willing, the Mersereaus agreed, and Mrs. Maxwell received the packet with a gratitude that was unmistakable.

The papers were portioned out. Though there was no will, there were several memoranda of certain small bequests or remembrances that the dead man had quite evidently meant to incorporate in a will, which, however, he had never made. The Mersereaus were not mentioned, but Lorraine assured Sarah that she would not be forgotten, thereby making that hitherto inimical woman her friend for life.

There were sheaves of papers relating to the Apollo Gold Mining Company, and these, Thorne saw at a glance, incriminated very deeply the lawyer Crosby, and it was, without doubt, the search for these that resulted in the untimely death of Lennox.

At last the little crowd broke up and departed, Lorraine assuring the house servants that even though there were no bequests made

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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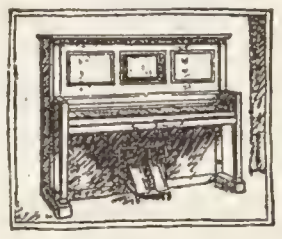

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

to them by her father they should each receive very shortly such sums as she thought would be in accordance with his wishes.

Lorraine kept possession of her adoption papers, for they were precious to her. To be sure, there was no statement as to who her real parents were or had been, but Lorraine hoped that the papers might lead to further knowledge in this direction.

ARMED with the certainty of her position, and made powerful by her inheritance, Lorraine Eldridge became, suddenly, an important citizen and one to be reckoned with.

She arranged the sum to be paid Sarah Mersereau, and, with secret joy, prepared to speed that parting guest. Nor were the Mersereaus less glad to leave. They had not been comfortable in the Eldridge home and were delighted at the thought of returning, with their spoils, to their own fireside.

The Mersereaus out of the way, Lorraine sent at once for Peter Thorne.

"Now," she said to him, "I've cleared up a lot of minor matters, you have agreed to look after these poor people whom my father treated unfairly, and Mr. Miles will see to all the business and financial matters of my inheritance and estate. I am going to devote my whole time and energy and all the money that is needed to the hunt for the man who killed my father. I don't feel that the search has been pushed hard enough, and I'm going to take it in hand myself. Now that Lennox's murderer has been found, you still assure me that my father's murderer cannot be the same man?"

"I do assure you of that, Miss Eldridge. Crosby killed Lennox in a sudden fit of anger at being discovered in his stealthy visit here. Had he paused a moment to consider, I'm sure he would not have struck. But he did not kill Mr. Eldridge. First, he had more to gain from that man living than dead, and, second and decisively, he was in the inn dining room at the day and hour Mr. Eldridge was struck down."

"Yes, I know that. Well, then, Mr. Thorne, can you find the murderer?"

"I am not at all sure I can, Miss Eldridge. I know what you're going to say. You want me to give you a definite answer. I don't resent this, nor do I blame you in the least. In fact, since I was instrumental in finding the murderer of your butler, and since I have been of assistance in setting right many of the wrongs attributed to your father, I am willing to abdicate in favor of a new man.

"When I feared they meant to act on their absurd suspicions of you, I couldn't quit, but now it may be better that I should step down and let another and better detective be put on the job. You know, Miss Eldridge, I am not an experienced detective—not even a full-fledged one. I have much to learn, and what I have accomplished has been largely through good luck and opportunity."

"I won't let you so deprecate yourself, Mr. Thorne. You have been goodness itself to me, and you have been shrewd and clever in the work. That you have not succeeded in finding the criminal is in no way your fault. It is an inexplicable case."

She went on, hesitantly: "Since you seem willing, I will tell you that I have considered getting another detective, a celebrated one—Mr. Fleming Stone. He is recommended by Grant Maxwell, who has heard good reports of his work. I believe his fees are high, but I have money, now, and I don't mind expense. Please send your bill in to Mr. Miles, won't you? And please don't feel you have to make your demands small, for you have done so splendidly."

"I cannot take payment, Miss Eldridge, for the little I have accomplished. No, I shall send you no bill."

"Oh, but you must. It would embarrass me terribly if my father's estate did not pay all just debts."

THORNE changed the subject, and said, "Have you already secured Stone's services?"

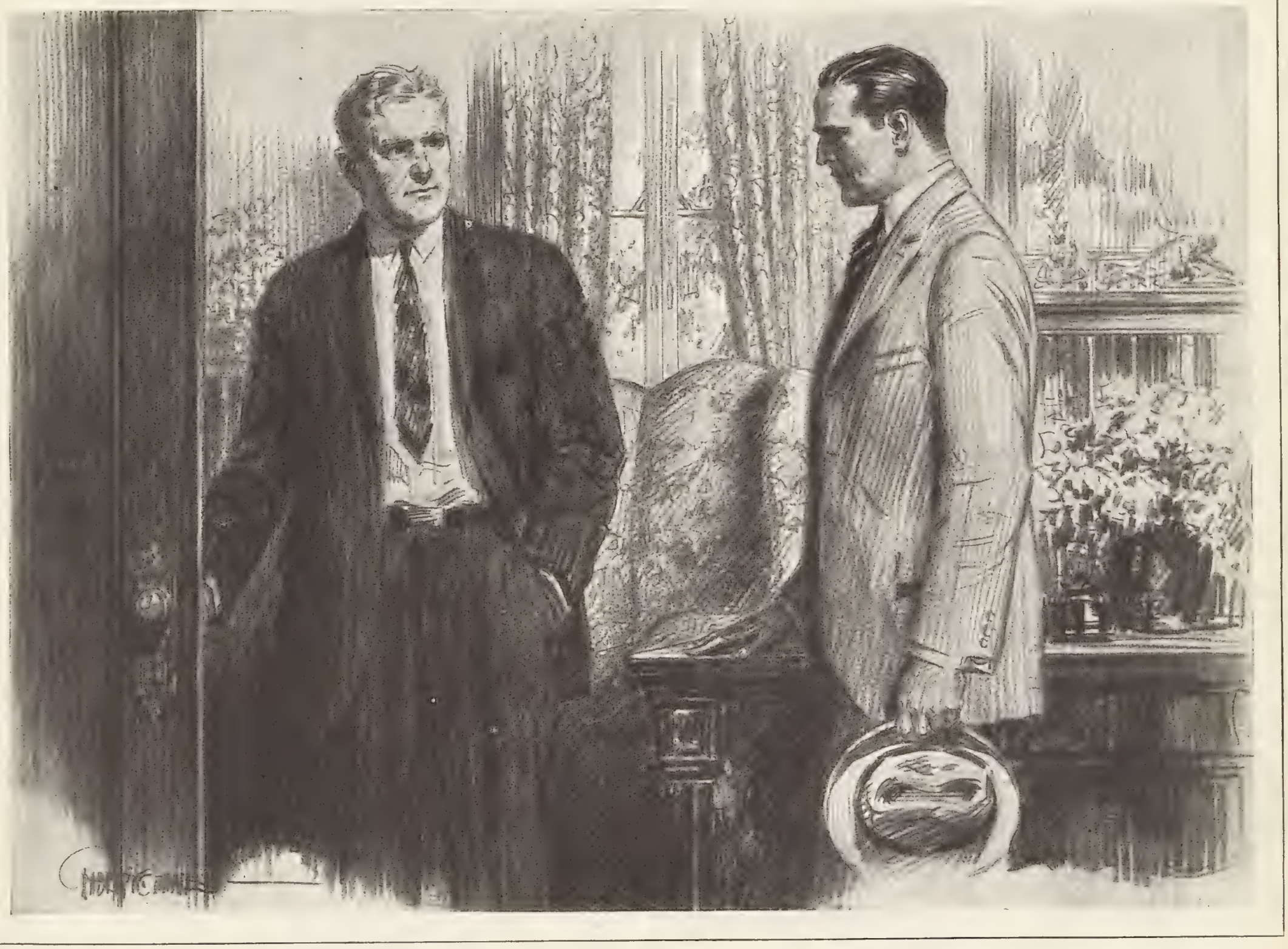
"Mr. Maxwell has written to him, but has not yet had a reply. I do hope he can come. I hesitated about asking him, lest you should think me disappointed in your own work, but since you are so willing, I am glad to have Mr. Stone come."

"And I shall be glad, too. I feel, Miss Eldridge, that I have done all I can. As I have repeatedly said, I am convinced that the man who killed Mr. Eldridge is the man who was seen to pass the house. If Mr. Stone can gather in that man, so much the better. For I doubt if the police can catch him."

"I doubt it, too. They have not shone in the whole affair. You have done wonders, Mr. Thorne, and I shall never forget your kindness and faithfulness."

"What I have done, Miss Eldridge, has been more in the line of setting wrongs right. I don't want to hurt your feelings, but Mr. Austin Eldridge was not a good man. He was not really your father, so I think you need not resent my speech. He wronged many people, many women, and so far as I have been able to make restitution possible, I am glad."

"I am glad, too, and I do know my adopted father had many faults; but he was invariably kind and gentle with me. Though I'm glad to have the wrongs you speak of righted, I do feel that I must



"Good-by, Peter Thorne," Stone said, and, rising, opened the library door.

do my best to avenge his murder. I must find out the truth."

"Oh, Miss Eldridge," Peter Thorne exclaimed, "anything but the truth!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MAN IN THE STREET

FLEMING STONE took the case. Its inexplicable mystery appealed to him, and he welcomed a chance to investigate a murder committed at midday, on a busy street, among a houseful of people.

Grant Maxwell met him on his arrival in Shoredale, and took him to the Eldridge house, for Lorraine had asked the privilege of entertaining the great detective. The courteous, easy-mannered stranger made a pleasant impression on his young hostess as he came up on the front porch and clasped her welcoming hand.

"Right here?" he said, after the introductions. "In that chair?"

Quite evidently unable to restrain his impatient interest, he pointed to the big armchair in which Austin Eldridge had sat during his last hour of life.

Lorraine didn't resent this sudden dip into the all important subject, and she answered, calmly, "Yes, in that very chair. At one o'clock, on a bright, sunshiny day, most of the family within hearing distance."

"Extraordinary! And more extraordinary that the mystery was not solved at once. Surely such strange conditions cannot fit many explanations."

Stone's fine features grew thoughtful as he spoke. He was a handsome man, approaching middle life. His hair was iron gray, thick, and a trifle wavy. His eyes were deep set and dark, and his face was somber in repose, but genial and even merry when he smiled.

Lorraine liked him from the start, and hospitably urged him to come into the house and rest before he began on his real work.

"There's a lot in first impressions," he said, lingering on the porch, which was the scene of the crime. "Let me sit in this chair, and do you, Miss Eldridge, take your place just where you were at that fatal moment. I'm sorry to rouse memories, but this will be helpful to me."

LORRAINE threw herself into the swing-hammock, behind the armchair where Stone sat. He looked round the high back and side of the wingchair.

"You are practically out of sight range, Miss Eldridge," he said. "And perhaps your eyes were closed?"

"I think they were," Lorraine returned, "but I can't be positive as to that. I often do close them out here, as the noonday glare is trying."

"At any rate, you could not see a man come in from the street unless you were on the alert. Go out and walk along the street, Mr. Maxwell, and turn in here and prove my words."

Disliking the job, but impelled by Stone's demands, Grant ran out on the sidewalk and up the street a few steps. Then, turning back, he came along, turned in at the little front walk, and stepped up on the porch in front of the detective.

"Did you see him?" asked Stone.

"No," replied Lorraine slowly, a puzzled note in her voice. "I didn't *see* him. But I *heard* him. *I heard his feet on the gravel.* Why, Mr. Stone, it *couldn't* have been the man in the street!"

For a moment Fleming Stone did not answer. He, too, was puzzled, as the thoughtful frown that drew down his brows indicated.

"No," he said at last. "I am afraid you are right, Miss Eldridge. Had he walked on the grass borders of the path you must have *seen* him. Only in the center of the path was he out of your line of vision and on that gravel not even a cat could walk silently.

"It could not have been—— Wait!"

He broke off suddenly, and, jumping from the chair, he stepped to the gate.

"Have you a knife similar to the one used in the murder?" he asked sharply.

"Why—yes," replied Lorraine wonderingly.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

"I'll get it." Stone took the knife when she returned, slipping it under his coat. Then bidding Maxwell take the position held by Tom Kennedy on the day of the murder and Lorraine resume her seat in the hammock, he walked up the street.

A HUNDRED feet away he turned and strode at an ordinary pace back toward the house. Before the gate he paused, hesitated, glanced swiftly around, then his hand darted under his coat, his arm snapped back, there was a flash of steel, and the next second the knife, buried almost to the hilt, quivered in the back of the chair. Had a man been sitting there it would have pierced his heart.

Stone calmly walked back to the porch, where Lorraine and Grant, wide eyed and amazed, were now standing, staring at the knife.

"That is how it was done," he said quietly. "The man was an expert knife thrower."

"He is fine," said Lorraine enthusiastically after Stone, guided by Milliken, had gone upstairs to freshen up for dinner. "He knew almost at once. Isn't it strange we none of us—not even Mr. Thorne or the police—thought of the knife being thrown? I hope he finds the man."

"I hope so," Maxwell returned. "The police wouldn't do it in a thousand years! And, Lorry, we must set him to hunting out your parents. Mother is rambunctious again about that. It doesn't satisfy her that you are the legal daughter of Austin Eldridge; she wants to know your ancestors. And, dear, I think she has a sort of suspicion."

"That they were dreadful people?" asked Lorry, aghast.

"No, on the contrary. That they were people of high standing. She doesn't think I have caught on, but I have reason to suppose she knows something—something that she wants to have proved."

"Why — I wonder — you see, Grant, just the very morning of the day he died, father whispered to me—Oh, I can't repeat it, even to you."

"Tell Mr. Stone. He'll find out the truth, if anyone can."

Maxwell went home and Lorraine telephoned for Peter Thorne to come over for dinner. Mr. Stone had said he wanted to meet him.

Thorne arrived a few minutes before the other guests came downstairs, and Lorraine received him in the library.

"Mr. Stone is splendid," she announced. "He has already solved part of the mystery. You'll like him, I know. I'm hoping he will get at the whole truth."

Again Thorne muttered under his breath. "Anything but the truth." He looked at Lorry with a longing in his eyes which he quickly concealed.

"Regarding this stranger who passed by," said Stone, after some desultory discussion of the case. "Have you any idea of a possible motive?"

"We don't know that he *was* a stranger," Thorne reminded him. "Though, it seems to me, he must have been. I visualize him as an old-time enemy of Mr. Eldridge; one who had long dreamed and planned for revenge. I see the man coming to town, inconspicuous and unnoticeable, walking quietly by this house to reconnoiter, turning back, as he saw a chance, and—taking it."

"A rash and uncertain procedure," Stone began, musingly.

"All of that, Mr. Stone. But if we grant the guilt of that man whom the maids saw passing how else can we detail his actions?"

"Quite right, Mr. Thorne, and quite evidently he is not to be traced by his appearance or personal effects."

"How then?"

"It seems to me now that we must look for him in some records of Mr. Eldridge's past. I quite agree, Mr. Thorne, with all you have said about him. With all your deductions and inferences. And so I hope to find in Mr. Eldridge's papers or letters some hint, some mention of this personality we are seeking."

STONE betook himself to the library and asked for access to all the papers of the late Austin Eldridge, as well as any and all the photographs or other portraits of him that Lorraine had any knowledge of, especially those of his youth.

Wondering a little at this last request, she complied with it, and, after a prolonged search, she brought a dozen or more likenesses of her father taken at various stages of his life.

Stone thanked her and asked to be left alone with his work, stating that he would undoubtedly stay up very late and nobody was to sit up for him.

Lorraine agreed to his plans. After ordering some lunch to be sent to him later she went to her own room with a strange foreboding of disaster. She could not tell, herself, why, but she felt sure Fleming Stone would unravel the mystery and that the result would be both a shock and a sorrow.

This reminded her that she ought to have told him of the strange secret her father had whispered to her. Surely, the great detective should know all that she could tell him.

She went down to the library, tapped at the door, and entered, to find Stone still poring over the pictures of Austin Eldridge.

He rose and listened courteously to her explanation of her intrusion.

"My father whispered to me"

she said, after she had opened the subject, "that I was the daughter of the sister of Mrs. Vanderholt, a very haughty and aristocratic lady who lives at the inn."

"You believe this?"

"I—I don't know what to believe."

"Miss Eldridge, that statement is true. You are the daughter of the sister of Mrs. Vanderholt."

"Really!" Lorraine looked dumfounded. "And you've found that out already! How?"

"You gave me the small leather folder that holds your adoption papers. They are, apparently, the only contents. But in an inconspicuous inner pocket, which anyone might have found by a more careful search than was apparently given, I found this."

He took from the receptacle he had mentioned a thin sheet of paper, closely written and folded small.

"This, Miss Eldridge, contains the story of your birth, and, while a sad little document, it is worth much to you, for it proves your parents the right sort of people and your birth stainless."

"TELL me," said Lorraine, her fingers trembling and her eyes filling with tears as she strove to read the well-nigh illegible words.

"Your father wrote it, and it is attested and signed. It goes to prove that the sister of Mrs. Vanderholt, a girl much younger than that lady, eloped with a neighbor, a young, headstrong chap, and they were married, and later you were born.

"The family of Vanderholt cut off these two young people entirely, even forbidding the mention of their names. So when they both died in the far West, you were put in an asylum, under your rightful name and with full credentials. From there you were adopted by Austin Eldridge and his wife. They knew the secret of your birth, but preferred not to tell it.

"That, Miss Eldridge, is the true story, but you will be interested to read its further details at your leisure. Take this paper with you and study it, but preserve it carefully, for it means much to you."

"Oh, it does, Mr. Stone!" Her eyes were shining. "It means my whole life's happiness! Mrs. Maxwell will readily receive me now! And I think this is what she both hoped and suspected."

"I dare say. Now I'm going to ask you to leave me, please; I am deeply absorbed in my work."

"Have you discovered anything else? Do just tell me that."

There was no refusing the wistful eyes, and so Fleming Stone said, "Yes, I have learned who killed Austin Eldridge."

"*Who?*" The word fairly burst from Lorraine's lips.

"That I prefer not to tell you, tonight. Please don't ask."

There was no mistaking the tone of finality, and, as Stone turned back to the desk, Lorraine softly went back upstairs.

Long the great detective studied the portraits of the murdered man.

"There can be no doubt," he said, with a sigh. "Now for proof."

Late he sat, hunting through old letters, old notebooks, and old bundles of documents. Swiftly he went through the same papers that other hands had run over and other inquirers examined.

But Fleming Stone came upon a few things they had not found. He discovered in a small secret pocket of a leather folder—one of a number of the sort Mr. Eldridge possessed so many of—a marriage certificate and a birth certificate that predated the marriage of Austin Eldridge and his Shoredale wife.

"What shall I do?" mused Fleming Stone. "What must I do?"

Long he mused in uncertainty. Then, with a sudden, impetuous gesture, he swept all the photographs, all the papers he had been so intently studying, into a desk drawer and, locking it, pocketed the key.

Then he noticed the sandwiches and sherry on the table near by, and absent-mindedly ate and drank, after which he went to bed, and immediately to sleep.

The next morning he awoke early, and with a mind fully made up.

He went down to breakfast and greeted Lorraine cheerily.

"Now, young lady," he said with a smile as they sat at the table, "I'm going to forestall your questions. You bamboozled me into an admission last night that I was not ready to make. So forget, if you please, that I said I had made a certain discovery, until I repeat the statement to you. You may as well do this, for I shall answer no questions until I get ready, and I assure you I am not ready yet."

"I'll bargain with you, Mr. Stone," said Lorraine, looking unaccountably happy. "I'll forget the fact that you told me you had discovered something else if I may tell of the facts of my birth and adoption."

"That you may, and welcome. Run over to the Maxwells as soon as you choose. Go to Mrs. Vanderholt, as soon as you—dare." He smiled.

"Oh, I'll dare. That lady will receive me with open arms, I'll wager!"

"Go on, then, Miss Lorraine, and my blessing on you. I shall be closeted with Mr. Thorne as soon as I can get him over here. Don't let us be interrupted, please."

An hour or so later, when Peter Thorne arrived, and Stone took him to the library, the atmosphere was far from cheery and Stone's face was lined with sorrow.

"You know who killed Mr. Eldridge, Mr. Thorne?" the older detective said, making it sound more like a statement than a question.

"Yes." And Peter Thorne's eyes met Stone's in a level gaze.

"You want the truth known?"

"Anything but the truth," Thorne returned, but his eyes did not falter.

"Yet it would seem it must come out——" mused the other.

"How did you learn it?"

"By some memoranda that were under the noses of all you people who searched the papers and documents hidden in that secret cache."

"They were!" Thorne was genuinely amazed.

"Yes. But it was merely a few small sheets of thin paper, and they were in a concealed pocket of a sort of leather folder."

"AND so, Mr. Stone, you know the identity of the man in the street?"

"Yes."

"How did you learn that?"

"From these." And Stone pulled from the drawer the lot of photographs of Austin Eldridge.

"Ah, yes, of course; I hadn't thought of that! You also know the motive?"

"No, Mr. Thorne, that I do not know. Will you tell me?"

"I will. You know that Austin Eldridge was married before he wed the lady who was later Lorraine's mother by adoption?"

"Yes: I have the marriage certificate of that union and the birth certificate of his child."

"You have? That is good. Then I will tell you a few details more of that story. Austin Eldridge was married secretly out West."

"In California, to be exact."

"In California. He was very young, and he married a girl who was not his equal in birth, breeding, or education. But she was a good, honest girl, who loved him devotedly. Yet, in a few years he tired of her, and neglected her and her child abominably. He visited her at rare intervals, and supplied her scantily with money, which she eked out by hard work that overtaxed her strength and made her ill and old before her time."

"She continued to live in California?"

"Yes. She had no choice. Eldridge even insisted on her using another name. He lived East here, and he became infatuated with a young woman of his own class and social standing. At this time he had been married eight years, but the fact was known to none of his family or friends in the East.

"He went out to California to see his wife, and urge her to consent to a divorce. This she refused to do, largely because of the child. This child was then a boy of seven years, devoted to his mother, and a little afraid of the big, splendid father, whom he saw so seldom and whose real name he did not know.

"BUT one day the boy saw his father in a new light. He saw the big man come and bully and threaten the little, frail mother. He heard him tell her that if she didn't consent to a divorce he would leave her to starve—he would never see her again. She still refused, saying it was because of the boy. That boy was the legitimate son of his father. The first born son and heir to a great name and estate. Delicate and weak though the woman was, she fought for her boy, and braved the fierce and terrible anger of the man.

"Then he lost all control of himself. To frighten her into consenting, he vowed he would kill the boy that stood between him and his desires. He snatched up a carving knife from the table and made a lunge at the frightened child. I suppose it was a bluff—that he had no real intention of carrying out his threat. But, with a mother's quick instinct of defense, the woman threw herself in front of the upraised arm of her husband, and herself received the blow apparently intended for the boy.

"She dropped like a log, stabbed through the breast. The man gave one frightened gasp, then he knelt by the stricken woman, felt her heart, her pulse, and, after a moment, without a glance at the child, but with a smile of triumph on his face that Satan himself might envy, he went softly away, closing the door behind him.

"The child, whimpering with fear, slowly crept toward his mother's still form on the floor. Knowing she was dying, the mother gasped out the real name of her husband, and with her last breath made the boy promise not to tell, but when he grew up to seek out his father and demand his rights.

"And then the neighbors came, cared for the dead woman, cared for the child after a fashion, and at last one big hearted old dame took the boy to live with her."

"Go on," said Fleming Stone, as Thorne dropped his head in his hands. He raised a haggard face, and continued.

"Mr. Stone, then and there, at seven years old, that boy vowed vengeance on that father. Young as he was, he recognized the diabolical

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

NERVE STRAIN

PAUL von BOECKMANN
Author of Nerve Force and various other books on Health, Psychology, Breathing, Hygiene and kindred subjects, many of which have been translated into foreign languages.

The high pressure, mile-a-minute life of today, with its mental strain, worry, anxiety, grief and trouble, not to mention nerve strains resulting from excesses and vices, is **wrecking the nerves** of mankind. This applies especially to the people with highly active brains and sensitive nerves. Have your Nerves stood the strain? Read **"Nerve Force,"** a 64 page book on the care of the nerves. This book is of extreme value to "near-neurasthenics" and people with sensitive and deranged nerves. It has aided many thousands to gain control of their nerves and build up their Nerve Force. Because of the many valuable hints it contains on the control of the nerves and mind, "Nerve Force" has been bought by the thousand by large corporations for their employees; it is recommended by physicians to their patients and by ministers to their flocks. **Nerves or no nerves, you should send for this book today.**

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Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

nature that could kill and then go away, leaving his own son to the mercy of the world.

"Then and there he took the knife and swore a mighty vow, no less solemn because of his tender years, that some day he would kill that man with the blade that had taken his mother's life.

"THE years went by. The boy grew up, somehow, tended by kind, though sadly poor, people, still bearing his assumed name——"

"Thorne?" said Stone, quietly.

"Yes, Thorne. So no one ever suspected that the dead woman's husband was Austin Eldridge. When I grew to be old enough I earned a few dollars, and more as occasion permitted. When about fourteen years or so, I read my first detective story—one by Conan Doyle. That gave me my great idea, and I vowed that I would become a great detective, and, as such, get opportunity to redeem my death vow, and also, by taking the case myself as detective, do away with all chance of discovery.

"I prepared myself in every way possible to be a detective. I studied only branches that would be of help to me in the profession. I studied surgery that I might learn to strike at a man's heart. I studied law that I might know how to protect my rights.

"The knife I kept always with me, and I learned to use it—to use it in all ways. I even traveled two years with a knife throwing act to perfect myself in that art. I found my man—that was easy—and then I came here, waited two days to reconnoiter and lay my plans. The rest you know."

"So you are the man in the street." Stone spoke his thought aloud.

"I am the man in the street. I am the instrument of justice that has been able to set right many of the wrongs my father did. To make restitution to poor dupes he defrauded. To cut short a career that held only evil, and that, to my knowledge, had far more evil planned than he had already committed. I will not dwell upon this phase, but I assure you, Mr. Stone, had Austin Eldridge lived a month longer he would have committed incalculable and irremediable wrongs in this town that have been prevented by his taking off.

"Now, you know all. I took up the case as detective when I was asked to do so. I had no end or aim but to right what wrongs I could — to absolve anyone who might be wrongly suspected.

"I have no regret for what I have done. I have rid the world of one of its very worst inhabitants. I have prevented much further crime and evil, of whose nature and extent no one will ever know. I have avenged a brutal and diabolical crime—the murder of a young, innocent wife and desertion of a first born son—and I have no interest in the consequences. If I am made to give up my life for my deed it will be a willing sacrifice."

Fleming Stone said no word, but with a strong, steady gaze into Thorne's eyes he held out his hand. Thorne took it and realized, from the warm, strong grip, all that the celebrated detective felt.

"Good-by, Peter Thorne," Stone said at last, and, rising, opened the library door.

After one more long, wordless look between the two pairs of deep, strong eyes, Thorne went out to the hall and out at the front door.

Stone turned back to the library, locked himself in, and sat for an hour, thinking. When Lorraine saw him at luncheon he was his bright, cheery self.

The girl was bubbling over with joy, happy beyond words in her new found contentment. For Mrs. Maxwell and Mrs. Vanderholt had taken her into open, loving arms and later she and Grant Maxwell had clung to each other, their eyes wet with tears of ecstasy.

"I THINK you have enough happiness, Miss Eldridge," the detective said, "not to mind when I tell you that I was mistaken. In my estimation it will be useless to seek to find who the man in the street was. With your permission I will advise that the mystery be allowed to remain a mystery. There is so little to work on, so little sign of a clew, and, as I have given you relatives and relatives-in-law, I am going to ask you to let the other matter rest."

"All right, Mr. Stone," replied Lorraine, gravely. "If the whole matter could be dropped I should be very happy, but I suppose the police——"

"Don't worry about that," returned Stone. "I think the police will be equally glad to let the matter rest. I have practically established the fact that your father was killed by the passing stranger. To this man's identity there is not the slightest clew; after the trial of Crosby for the murder of Lennox interest in the case will die out. Take the happiness the future holds for you, my child, and let the dead past bury its dead."

But Stone, as he slowly returned to the inn where he was to meet Thorne—who had promised to accompany him back to the city and to whom he had decided to offer a position on his staff — was not wholly satisfied.

"I hate to leave a case unfinished like this," he mused, "and yet, for the happiness of all concerned, it is better so. It is one of those cases where any solution or no solution at all is better than the correct one. I guess Thorne is right. It's a case of 'Anything But the Truth!'"

THE END

Are Your Ideas Paying Dividends?

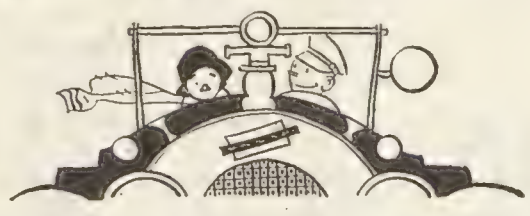
HERE'S a chance to make money out of something you have probably been letting go to waste. How many ideas do you suppose you have every day? Twenty-five thousand or more, according to some of our best authorities. That's at the rate of about fifteen hundred an hour for every hour you are awake.

Now, all of us know that ideas are worth money. But how much have your ideas been worth to you recently? When you draw up beside the lamp in the evening, do you have dividend-paying ideas, or are they a total loss? Here is a matter to which you ought to give five minutes' thought.

Our prizes for ideas range from $25.00 up to $250.00, which isn't so bad, because if you are not thinking about this matter you will probably be thinking about something which won't pay you a cent!

Liberty's Big Limerick Contest

$500 a Week in Cash Prizes



A chauffeur sneaked out for a ride,
The maid had the seat at his side;
But while they were out
The boss looked about

. . . . . .

Write your last line in the space above and send this coupon to—

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P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

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STREET ADDRESS.....
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(Issue of January 3)

$500 a Week for Limericks

Liberty's Greatest Contest --- Open to Everybody --- Everywhere!

Everybody Can Write Limericks

It's easy and it's fun. Merely remember a Limerick is a jingle in which the *last line* rhymes with the *first two*. Every member of the family can send in last lines. Men, women, and children—everybody—can compete. It makes no difference where you live. But note the date when this week's contest closes, and be sure to have your answer in on time. If you are too late to enter this week's contest get an early start next week. We want everybody to have a chance.

All Last Lines for THIS WEEK'S Contest Must Reach Us Not Later Than Midnight, JANUARY 10.

THE RULES:

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed on this page. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to Limericks, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper, but be sure that all five lines appear in the letter you send in. Also be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. For the best line, $250 will be paid; for second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50, and fifth, $25.

All you have to do is to write one line, complete the Limerick printed in the coupon above, and send it in. For the five best Limericks submitted, Liberty will pay the following big cash—

PRIZES:

First Prize - - - $250
Second Prize - 100
Third Prize - - 75
Fourth Prize - 50
Fifth Prize - - - 25

$500 More for Limericks Next Week!

If you don't win this week you will have another chance.

This Week's Winners

who share in the big prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of December 6. The Limerick read as follows:

A young farmer in town for the day
Went to dine in a Broadway cafe.
When he'd eaten his fill,
He just glanced at the bill

. . . . . .

Last lines which the prize winners wrote are:

FIRST PRIZE—$250
"G! I O U a 'V'!" said the J.
Written by D. M. STEELE,
Cayuga, New York.

SECOND PRIZE—$100
Saying, "All I can tip is the tray."
Written by R. BURGE TONEY,
1446 South Sixth Street, Louisville, Kentucky.

THIRD PRIZE—$75
And washed all the dishes, they say.
Written by IRVING WISCH,
645 Georgia Avenue, New York.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50
Then the green bird became a blue jay.
Written by W. L. BOBB,
3308 Central Avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25
After which he saw stars, though 'twas day.
Written by T. F. McFARLAND,
Simms, Montana.

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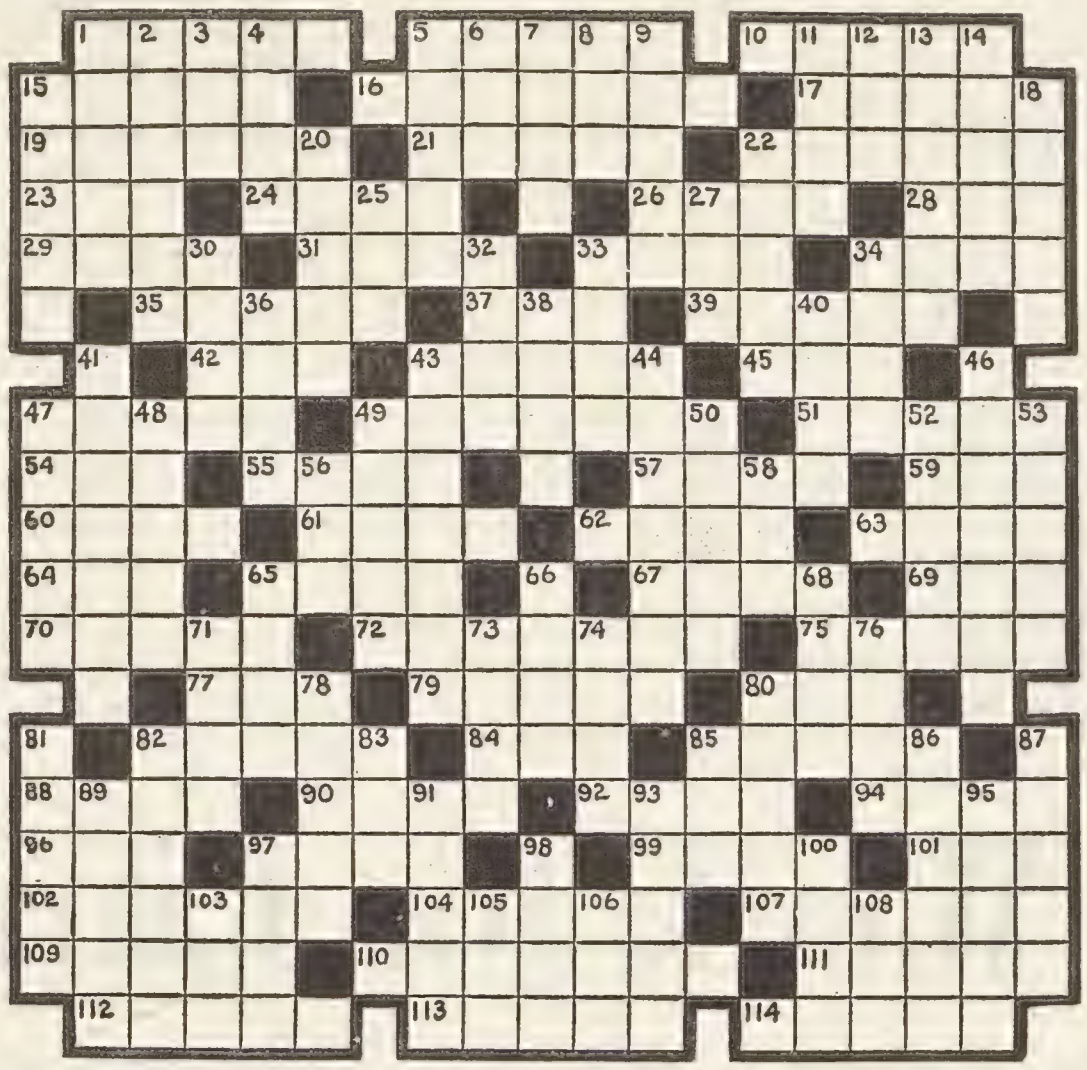
"There is one near you"

THE UNITED DRUG COMPANY
BOSTON

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle

No. 9

TO GIVE you a little start toward the solution, Number 1, horizontal, defined as a "social group," is "tribe." Number 15, vertical, which means "tendency," is "trend." With these two words to begin with, and a dictionary at hand, you will have it all solved before you go to bed. Good luck! Don't send in your answers, but keep them to compare with the solution in next week's Liberty.



HORIZONTAL

1 A social group
5 Cutting part of an instrument
10 Weights
15 That [plural]
16 Blossoms
17 Single, undivided things
19 Lodged
21 One who flirts by casting amorous glances
22 Course in a dinner
23 A fairy
24 A Roman emperor
26 Possesses
28 A Portuguese money of account
29 Necessity
31 Naked
33 A thin, small nail
34 Ripped
35 To immerse
37 To court
39 At no time
42 To employ
43 Repasts
45 To put on
47 Meager
49 Process of the temporal bone behind the ear
51 A country in southern Europe
54 To fold and sew down the edge of
55 To pull along by force
57 Crumbling, soft, friable earth
59 To shorten by cutting
60 Spoken
61 Morally corrupt
62 A tooth or spike
63 The wild hog
64 A small mass of butter
65 An heroic narrative poem
67 Booty
69 An Indian of a Shoshonean tribe
70 An atmospheric disturbance
72 A Russian tea urn
75 Excursions in vehicles
77 To lubricate
79 One who has a strong affection for anything
80 Invited
82 A flower
84 A lair
85 Defensive clothing
88 A giant who eats human flesh
90 A stripe
92 Allowance for waste in commodities
94 Dissolute
96 A fabulous bird of Arabia
97 A trigonometric function
99 A separate particular in an enumeration
101 Crazy
102 Decrees of the sultan
104 Sells
107 To decipher from a code
109 A kind of evergreen tree
110 Liquefying
111 One who rescues
112 An admiral in the Spanish-American war
113 To cut off, as a vowel or syllable
114 Bodies of land

VERTICAL

1 To endure
2 Covered over the top
3 A distinctive theory
4 Participle of "to be"
5 A plasma in which corpuscles are suspended
6 A piece of unshaped timber
7 Tools for piercing holes
8 A Scotch river
9 A mistake
11 Dropped stitches in silk hosiery [plural]
12 An insect
13 A speculum
14 A young ox raised for beef
15 Tendency
18 A French river
20 Thick
22 Terminated
25 To regret
27 Pale
30 Sour in aspect
32 Female sheep [plural]
33 An edged weapon
34 To encamp
36 Accustomed
38 A grain [plural]
40 Empty
41 To work
43 Enchanting
44 Like
46 The common herring
47 Establishments for trading
48 An Italian baritone
49 The European song thrush
50 One who presents
52 Audibly
53 A town in west Flanders
56 A fabric of silk or wool
58 Sign of the zodiac
65 To send forth
66 Ardent liking
68 Neat
71 A kind of flower
73 Fashion
74 To let out
76 A person or thing adored
78 An American explorer
80 A race or strain
81 Contains boron
82 A covered way
83 Went quickly
85 Expression of beauty
86 To take away
87 A viper
89 Pierced with horns or tusks
91 An embankment to prevent inundation
93 A French river
95 Walks through water
97 Dry or withered
98 A prefix signifying "against"
100 A hodge podge
103 Kind of bird
105 A measure for cloth
106 Part of "to do"
108 Nickname for the first citizen of the United States

S	H	I	R	E		F	L	I	R	T		O	U	T	R	E
E	E	L		A	L	O	E		O	A	F	S		R	A	N
A	R	E	A		O	B	T	R	U	D	E		D	I	N	G
S	A	U	C	E	S		S	E	T		T	A	R	A	T	A
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R	E	N	D		L	E	O	N	I	N	E		S	E	C	T
U	R	G	E	D			I	O	N			C	E	D	A	R
D	T		F	A	D	E	D		E	R	R	O	R		S	I
I		P	E	D	A	L		G		A	I	L	E	D		D
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T	A	S	T	E		L	O	P	E	D		G	O	O	D	S

Answer to Puzzle No. 8

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His Sartorial Highness

By A. T. Gallico

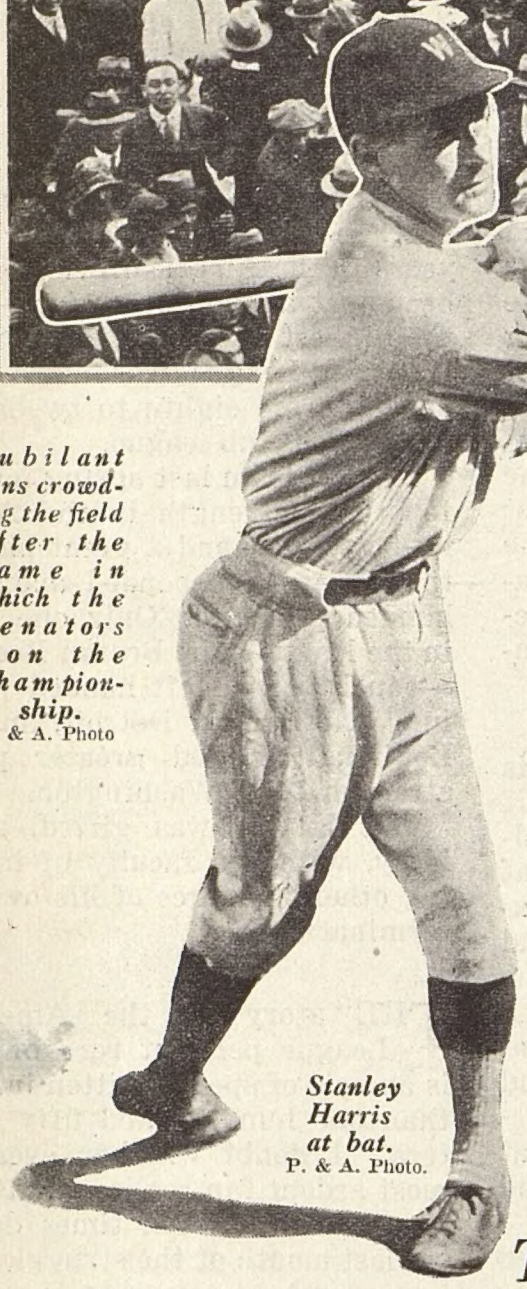
A study of the Prince of Wales as arbiter of men's fashions. What the prince wears one day is the fashion the next. His effects are not startling. They are quiet, but very hard to achieve—studied detail being the hall mark of 'is sartorial 'ighness.

An exceedingly interesting bit of reading! In next week's

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

At all newsstands 5c

Jubilant fans crowding the field after the game in which the Senators won the championship.
P. & A. Photo



Stanley Harris at bat.
P. & A. Photo.

Winning a World Championship

By HUGH FULLERTON

A closeup of Stanley Harris in jovial mood.
International Photo.

Third and Final Installment of the Inspiring Story of Stanley (Bucky) Harris, Who Started as a Breaker Boy in a Coal Mine and Now, at 28, Is the Diamond General Who Led the Washington Senators to Victory

MOST of the fellows who fail, whether in baseball or in any other line of endeavor, put up the same whine, "I didn't get a fair chance." The claim that there wasn't a chance for anyone to break in is as common in an office or a shop as in baseball. The "good jobs" are usually filled and the newcomer too often figures he has no chance to advance.

Consider the position of Stanley Harris. He was really a shortstop and, even today, he is a better shortstop than he is a second baseman. Washington had George McBride, a great fellow and a wonderful player, at short, and was well fortified on that side of the diamond, but needed a second baseman. Harris went to second without a kick. McBride's arm was weakening and he no longer could handle all throws and make quick relays. There was Harris' opportunity.

Washington, as explained in a preceding article, uses a system in making plays by which an infielder relays balls thrown from the outfield. This "pivot" man, especially since the introduction of the "rabbit ball," is vital to an infield. Harris was made pivot man because of his throwing power and his quickness in sizing up plays.

Being pivot man made Harris the infield leader. McBride had been forced to the bench and Harris became the infield leader, captain of the team, and director of play. When McBride left and Clyde Milan took charge of the team as manager Harris still was infield leader. When Donie Bush was made manager Harris still retained charge of infield play.

There is in the scheme of baseball an institution known as "skull practice," at which manager and players gather and discuss plays and how they should be made. In the Washington team Griffith, the owner, a wise old general, presides with his manager, but the newest rookie has as much to say as anyone else. Grif has a set phrase, which is:

"Don't tell me what was wrong with that play yesterday. Anyone can second guess plays. Tell me something about today's game and how you'd make a play."

Harris, quiet and rather reserved in other matters, can and will talk baseball. He always was ready to tell Griffith, or anyone else, and his ideas were usually right. He knew the game.

Griffith was having much trouble in finding a manager who could play his kind of baseball and, at the same time, handle men well and with fairness.

You will observe in studying the career of the young leader of the world's champions that he has been extremely lucky in falling under managers who were of the right kind. The two Jennings—one the mine boss, the other the baseball manager—were of that type.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHY HARRIS WON

BY CLARK GRIFFITH

Owner of the Washington World's Champion Baseball Team

MANAGER HARRIS has one ability which marks him as a great manager. He can decide upon a policy and stick to it. If he decides that a batter should be passed, that the play is to give him a base on balls and take a chance on the next batter, and that next batter hits the ball out of the lot, he can applaud the pitcher. He knows it was the right play, even if it went wrong. He wastes no time on regrets, but grits his teeth and starts to get the runs back. If it loses the game he does not worry. He wipes that one off and starts after the next one.

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Name.....
Present Position.....
Address .....

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-THREE]

Perhaps there never were two finer fellows in baseball than George McBride and Clyde Milan, helpful, clean, earnest fellows. Harris liked both and they liked Harris and his work.

Harris learned a lot of inside baseball from Bush and from Griffith. While Harris had strong ideas of his own, he always has been a listener and willing to learn. He is manager in fact as well as name. The owner may advise and talk in skull practice, but on the field Harris is master and Griffith says he never would try to advise him on the field.

Harris saw clearly the reasons McBride, Milan, and Bush failed, but, being a ball player, said nothing. He was learning what to avoid and he learned that to manage a Washington ball club successfully a manager had to handle a lot of ball players and, in addition, handle Clark Griffith, the owner. One job is about as hard as the other. If a fellow does as Grif desires and shows his heart is in his work Grif is not hard to handle. He likes a fighter and enjoys having a manager who will battle with him over a matter of policy or of a play. He and Harris have fought twelve drawn arguments—for neither ever loses and Grif lets the boy do as he sees fit.

Meantime during his entire Washington career Harris was playing basketball during the off season, and he had become one of the best in the country and star of the famous Glens Falls (New York) team. In one season he averaged nine and a half points a game from guard position. He had become wiry, strong, fast, and clever. How a small fellow like Harris could handle and check men like big Jim Kane, Tom McLoughlin, Bill Raeder, Bill Clark, Jack Hadon, and other basketball stars remained a mystery—but he did.

GRIFFITH objected to Harris' playing basketball on the grounds that one pair of legs could not stand the strain of both baseball and basketball—and Harris yielded the point and almost gave up his beloved game.

When Roger Peckinpaugh was sold by the New York Yankees to Washington, Harris gave Griffith another glimpse of his nature. Peck was a veteran known as one of the smartest players in the American League and he had been field leader of the champion Yankees. Peck is a fine fellow, clean, thoughtful, courageous. When the deal was made Harris went to Griffith and said:

"Grif—you'd better make Peck captain. He is older and has more experience—and it'll help the team."

Harris' willingness to sacrifice himself and to defer to the older man made a hit with the owner, but Griffith said:

"You keep on running the infield. Peck will play ball with you and your way."

Which settled that. Before two weeks had elapsed Peck stated that Harris was one of the best men he ever had worked with around second base and one of the best leaders.

Before Donie Bush was made manager of Washington Griffith wanted to name Harris. The idea of putting a boy little more than twenty-five years old in as manager was revolutionary. But Griffith did not hesitate on that ground. The reason Griffith did not choose Harris at that time was fear of ruining a great player. He knew that, if things broke wrong and the fans grew angry, he might lose Harris entirely.

But the delay was only temporary. Bush made a failure of the management because he could not handle men and just before the start of last spring's training season Griffith announced the selection of Bucky Harris as his manager.

THE fellows who knew Harris only as a player thought Grif had put over another of his radical ideas. Those who knew that Harris was old in wisdom and experience, if young in years, had more faith. What convinced me that Harris would make good as a manager was the unanimous opinion of his players. McBride and Milan, his predecessors, both declared Bucky would make a great manager and a great leader and the players had faith in him.

By midseason baseball wakened to the fact that a new, inspirational leader had come into the game; a man who could both teach and demonstrate.

There always has been an argument in baseball, and perhaps always will, as to the relative value of bench managers and playing managers. The tide of opinion rises and falls.

We have an era where almost all the club managers are directing play from the bench, then an era in which the majority are playing and leading. It is dangerous for any man to be player and manager at the same time unless he is a born leader who can demonstrate what he teaches and who can inspire others. Fred Clark was one, Bill Carrigan another, Frank Chance a great example, and it is probable that the success of Harris will inaugurate another period of playing managers.

Harris had, by hard work, overcome his greatest weakness, which was catching long fly balls over his head. He can go as far as the next second baseman and get them. He had changed his throw to fit the second base position and he had improved his hitting. The noticeable thing about him, however, is that he makes his hits and his great plays in "the pinch"—when a hit is needed he delivers it.

The Washington team which won the American League pennant and the world's championship is practically the same as the one that finished fourth in 1923 and sixth in 1922. It was strengthened in some spots, but that strength was lost through injuries, and in the World's Series it rated below its strength of either previous seasons.

Never before did a Washington team win a championship. In 1912 and 1913 the Senators managed to finish second—but Washington's average position in twenty-three years in the American League has been just a trifle over sixth—and the highest it ever finished in the National League was sixth, and usually from eighth to twelfth in the twelve club league.

Harris' team last spring figured fourth in strength in the American League—and a great part of that strength depended upon left handed pitchers. Only one team in the league—the Boston Red Sox—can hit good left handed pitching. New York, Detroit, and St. Louis all showed greater paper strength than Washington.

But Harris was gifted, seemingly, with the faculty of inspiring others by force of his own determination.

THE story of the American League pennant race of 1924 is an epic of sport, written in more than one hundred and fifty chapters. I doubt whether even the most ardent fan realizes what that race meant. Seven times during the last month of the struggle Fate appeared to decree that Washington could not win.

In all the years I have followed baseball I never have seen bad luck defeated the way that team defeated it. The team simply refused to be beaten.

There were, according to my review of the year, twenty-seven games in which Washington appeared beaten that they pulled out to victory. If you study the scores of those one hundred and fifty-four games you will find that Harris alone won twenty-two by hits made in crises, and that Peck won almost as many.

The team was crippled, weakened, almost wrecked. It went into the World's Series minus a third baseman, with two crippled pitchers, and a shortstop playing on his nerve.

The manner in which they won the series is too fresh in memory to need recital. With his team crashing all around him Harris, the boy manager, refused to stop, rallied the wabbling team, and drove it on to victory.

"Say," Harris remarked the week after the Senators won their victory, "looking back over the season, I can't see yet how we ever won it."

THE END

ICEMAN *Grand Opera* DEVOTEE

By SEAMUS DILLON

Introducing Tom McDermott of Jersey City, Who Helps Cool the Public in Summer and Spends His Winters at the Metropolitan Listening to the High Notes

Tom McDermott at his every day job of iceman. For the last twenty-seven years he has missed only a few operatic performances at the Metropolitan.

ORDINARY people have forgotten their bathing suits and are pondering bitterly the price of coal. The beaches where you fought summer heat to a finish have taken on a dismal winter look and the suburbanites have long ceased to boast.

The evenings are cold, and inspire the seeking of hospitable interiors. The theaters are endeavoring to break all records, which is what they threaten to do every season, and such magnificent institutions as the Metropolitan Opera are in the throes of temperamental fits.

The nobility of the human voice is strutting. The opera devotees are dropping everything else to hear their favorites tra-la-la, and they count that night lost when a new altitude record is not sopranoed or tenored.

Behold, then, Tom McDermott, Jersey City iceman. He sells ice all summer and in the winter, when his business is at its dullest, he hears the opera. By radio? Never! One must see the singers and be steeped in the atmosphere of the music to appreciate opera. He has missed only a few performances in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City in the last twenty-seven years.

He is as near to being two men as anyone may be. There is the Tom McDermott of the ice truck. And there is Thomas R. McDermott, the man who loves music understandingly, sitting in the family circle—the seventh heaven—of the Metropolitan night after night, hearing and rehearing Carmen, Traviata, Aïda, Tannhäuser, Tristan, Bohême, Tosca, Rosenkavalier, Boris, Pagliacci, and the rest of them.

Sometimes—almost without break from the beginning to the end of the season—it is seven nights a week and two matinées for McDermott, for he even attends all of the Sunday night concerts.

Once, when he was a young man, he wanted to sing. For that matter, he wants to now. But he had something of a voice then and he had ambitions, and he dreamed of a possible night when he would be applauded for his Toreador song, for his Prologue to Pagliacci, or even for his *Baron Scarpia*, although he admits that since he came to know Antonio Scotti so well he could never hope to be so great a *Scarpia* as his friend.

McDermott is married and has five children—youngsters. All of his interest is in two equal parts. There is the family and, over across the Hudson River, the opera. It is nonsense to say that a man may not divide his interest and be happy. Tom McDermott is supremely happy.

McDermott is an iceman all year, but in the winter time business is slack enough for him to stop work in time to have dinner, dress, and get to New York and gain his aerial seat in the Metropolitan before the first curtain.

And woe betide that person sitting near him who makes a noise or disturbs him. He wants quiet. He understands what the orchestra is doing. He is absorbed. Now and then he closes his eyes. They are singing a passage which to him means more than its predecessors. He has come to know so many of the stars: Caruso, Homer, Sembrich, Zenatello, Farrar, De Luca, Scotti; and they know and have known him.

"For twenty-seven years I've listened," he says. "I've missed very few performances in that time. Opera six nights a week and the concert Sunday night. Always the matinée on Wednesday and Saturday if I can make it—and usually I can.

"The family circle has always suited me. The music sort of blossoms up there. The flower, you know, is usually out on the end of the stem. Understand? It's like a skyrocket. Stand beside it and all you see is a dark streak and all you hear is a z-z-z-zip. But sit aloft and let it rise to you and burst before your eyes——!

"My favorites? Shucks, my favorite is the one I'm listening to. But probably if I were forced to it I'd pick Scotti, Farrar, and Caruso. Caruso! There comes but one voice like his in a lifetime. I heard him every time he sang at the Metropolitan. I loved his low notes.

"Of course there is a special place in my heart for Antonio Scotti. I happen to know him a little better than the others. Oh, yes, I had hopes once of singing. But we were poor. Ice harvesters and dealers. Father couldn't afford to have me taught and he needed me. My duty was to help him and I stayed in the ice business. Maybe it is just as well; maybe I wouldn't have made good. At least I can hear them sing, and I shall give my children all the musical advantages I can."

Tom McDermott is a big, wholesome, winning chap; an artist himself. Music to him means something more than a pleased ear. He drinks it in and it is in his soul. He lives in Highland avenue, Jersey City.

THE END

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